Licensed,

August 14.
1685.

RO. L'ESTRANGE.

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Cuckolds-Haven:

OR, AN

ALDERMAN

No Conjurer.

A

FARCE.

Acted at the QUEEN'S THEATRE in *Dorset Garden.*

By *N. TATE.*

LONDON,

Printed for *J. H.* and are to be sold by *Edward Poole,* next door to the *Fleece Tavern* in *Cornhill.* 1685.

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No Examiner.

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TO THE

HONOURABLE COLONEL Edmund Aſhton.

SIR,

AS you will find the following Scenes drawn from the Stores of that great Maſter *Ben*, I hope you will think the Contrivance no ill Imitation: That they had no better Succeſs on the Stage, was for this Reaſon: The principal Part (on which the Diverſion depended) was, by Accident, diſappointed of Mr. *Nokes*'s Performance, for whom it was deſign'd, and only proper; which caus'd a Retrenchment of whole Scenes in the Action, that are in this Copy inſerted. As it here lies

 together,

together, if the Plot be not too regular for Farce, and ought not rather to have been call'd Comedy, I dare truſt the Reader for the reſt. Notwithſtanding all the Diſadvantages in its Appearance on the Stage, you were pleaſed, Sir, to diſcover ſome Beauties through the Cloud. However, I am not ſo much concern'd for a Work of this Nature, as to impoſe the Protection of it upon you. My Ambition in this Addreſs, is, to owne my good fortune in your Acquaintance, and Advantages from thence, as to Nobler *Species* of Poetry. I ſpeak not with relation to any Eſſays of my own, but for improvement of my Skill in the beſt *Latin* Poets. When *Ben Johnſon* was inform'd, that a certain Perſon had done him Injury, he cry'd out with Indignation, *I made the Ingrateful Man underſtand* Horace. Obligations of this kind, indeed, are unvaluable. I preſume (Sir) I could before pretend to a Grammarians, or Commentators knowledge; but this was underſtanding like a *Dutchman*:

From

From whom, the Author's more obſcure become,
The Fogs of Holland *cloud the Wit of* Rome;
While theſe the Vehicle of Words eſſay,
The ſubtle Spirit flies unſeen away.

They underſtood the Words, but you the *Poet*. Your Judgment does not terminate in what is expreſs'd, but takes in the whole Scope of Fancy, and feels the flame of the Poet, while he labour'd with Inſpiration. In ſhort (Sir) you make their very Spirit viſible; and with piercing ſight diſcover thoſe Beauties, which their Art threw off to ſuch diſtance, that they were not diſcern'd by Vulgar Eyes. The World muſt allow me to pay this Acknowledgment: It is what I heard own'd (while a Stranger to you) by a * firſt-rate Judge, as well as Poet; he that was at once the *Horace* and *Mecænas* of our Age. I know, Sir, you will pardon me, if on mention of that Noble Perſon, I ſtain this Paper with a Tear.

* *E. of Roſcommon.*

Multis ille bonis flebilis Occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam Tibi------

Of many Obligations that endear his Memory to me, the Opportunity of your Acquaintance was not the leaſt; while I have heard you diſcant together on your beloved Authours, Time ſeem'd to me to be revolv'd, and I thought my ſelf in the Court of *Auguſtus*. I think the Nation is duly grateful for what he has tranſplanted from their Language, though ſparing of thoſe Favours. We likewiſe know, Sir, that you have not ſate down with the bare knowledge of thoſe ancient *Roman* Treaſures, without giving ſome parts of them the *Engliſh* Stamp. And to hoard them in Secreſy, is injury to your Country. It was always thought the Perfection of an Honourable perſon, to be an Accompliſht Courtier, Souldier, and Scholar. All which Capacities are (Sir) without Complement, aſcrib'd to You. Nor may we omit, that Juſtice, Courteſie, and Condeſcention, which (in relation to Inferiours) compleat

the

the Character of a Gentleman. As a juſt Reſpect on theſe Worthy Accounts is rendred to you by all Perſons, it is by none more ſincerely paid, than by,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,
and Admirer,

N. TATE.

PROLOGUE.

WE own, nor to confeſs it are aſham'd,
That from tough Ben's Remains, this Piece was (fram'd.
But if Embelliſhments of Vanity
And Vice, are here improv'd to a degree
Beyond the Characters that Maſter drew,
We muſt the Ladies thank for that, and you,
So far above what Johnſon's Age e'er knew.
Our Scene's compact, and if it be not witty,
You muſt conſider, Sirs, 'tis laid i'th' City.
Where yet we ſhall preſent one Sparkiſh Citt,
Who Drinks, Whores, Dreſſes, which I think is Wit;
Or, Mercy on three parts of this good Pit.
Lewdneſs and Dreſs muſt, by the Criticks Pardon,
Be Wit, or 'gad ye ruine Covent-Garden.
But Senſe, or Nonſenſe, is to us all one,
Our Trinculo and Trapp'lin were undone,
When Lime's more Fancy Monarchy begun.
Oh! Were this Frantick Nations Woes too few,
But we muſt have both Dam and Devil too?
Firſt, with the Old Serpent plagu'd of Aſſociations,
And ſince, with viler Spawn of Declarations:
Whoſe poyſon ſuch Diſtraction con'd create,
That Scyth-men liſted to Mow down the State.
But now the Monſter has her final Rout,
The very Dregs of Treaſon's Tap are out:
This Triumph then, with Juſt Applauſe be given
To Cæſar's Conduct, and aſſiſting Heaven.
Senſe now ſhall flouriſh, Diſcord be no more,
For Wit and Peace are Cæſar's to reſtore.

The

The Persons.

	By
Alderman *Touchstone*, intended for Mr. *Nokes*,	Mr. *Percivall.*
Golding, his Sober Servant,	Mr. *Baker.*
Quick-silver, his Debauch'd Servant,	Mr. *Jevon.*
Security, a Bawd and Usurer,	Mr. *Lee.*
Sir *Petronell Flash*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Captain *Seagull*,	Mr. *Gillow.*
Mr. *Bramble*, a Lawyer,	Mr. *Hains.*
Mrs. *Touchstone*,	Mrs. *Corye.*
Girtred, her Daughter, an Affected Citteſs, Married and cozen'd by Sir *Petr. Flash.*	Mrs. *Percivall.*
Mildred, the Sober Daughter,	Mrs. *Twiford.*
Security's Wife,	Mrs. *Price.*
Syndesie, Punk to *Quick-silver.*	

Servants and Sailers.

Scene *LONDON.*

A

NEW FARCE,

CALL'D

Cuckolds-Haven.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Touchſtone's *Shop at the farther End;* Golding *walking ſhort turns before it.* Touchſtone *with Accounts in his Hand.*

Touch. UPon Mortgage of his whole Eſtate remains due to his Lordſhip 300*l.* this comes of Prodigality, of his Lordſhips Stewards towards a Purchace for himſelf 5000. There's the fruits of Induſtry——At Intereſt for Mrs. *Procure-well* 1200. There's Induſtry again——Lent, Receiv'd, Receipts, Receipts, Diſburſements, Bonds, bonds, Judgments, &c. Well, we Marry'd Citizens had need of ſtrong Heads to ſupport what is put upon 'em; our greateſt Care is, to look after them that ſhould take the Care off our Hands. I muſt in and ſettle theſe Accounts before——

[*As he is going in,* Quick-ſilver *enters upon him and drives him backward.*

Quick. Alack! alack, Sir! ſincerely, I did not think of your Worſhip.

Touch. Thou inſolent Varlet! What? ſtumble upon the very Face of Authority? Do'ſt thou behold no Terrour in this overture? Is this natural Type of Reverence, and this Emblem of the Cities Honour, but Cyphers with you? ha!

Quick. Peradventure, Sir——

Touch. I will not be peradventured, Sir; Anſwer me directly. What looſe Action are you now bound for? what Comrades are you to meet? who gives the Supper? and where's the Rendezvouz? I will have an Account of all theſe in a Breath, in a Sentence, in one Word, Sir.

Quick. Indeed, and in very good ſober Truth, Sir——

Touch. Indeed, and in very good sober Truth, Sir!——behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a *French* Foot-Boy, and talk more Baudy than a Mid-wife.——I tell thee, Sirrah, I am thy natural Lord and Master, *William Touch-stone*, Goldsmith and Alderman of *London*, an Alderman, Sirrah, Alderman; I will likewise make thee understand that thou art my indented Servant, *Francis Quick-silver.*——Work upon that now.

Quick. Surely I am your bounden and most faithful——

Touch. Without Preamble, I will know what Diversion you are now a running to.

Quick. Surely one may use his Recreation with his Master's Profit.

Touch. Servants Recreations are seldom with their Master's Profit: ---Work upon that now——

Quick. Surely I was but going to a Funeral Sermon, Sir,——of a dear Friend, Sir. [*Crying.*

Touch. Say'st thou so——I protest, I was to blame for chiding thee——dear *Francis*, I ask thy Pardon and am sorry for thy Friend with all my heart——But, Sirrah, seeing is believing, shew me your Sermon-Book, produce your Short-hand-Book, quickly I say.

Quick. Here, Sir. *Touch.* Let me see't.

Quick. Sincerely, I shall come too late, Sir!

Touch. Let me see't I say——what is here? *Sol, la! me, fa! sol, sol,*---what has this to do here?——*With a Stone at the Gate, and a handsom young Wench to rub my bald Pate.*——Why, thou Pagan Rogue: Thou hast more Tricks with thee than an *Irish* Rum-a-way with seven years Improvement in the *West-Indies*. I will see further what Rigging you have about; off with that Cloak of Iniquity, where are you?

[Quick-silver *dodges about him, at last* Touchstone *pulls off his Cloak and discovers Flutes, Swords, Pumps, Racks, Dancing Shoes,* &c. *girded round him.*

Hey-day, hey-day! what a Composition is here! Thou hast more Trangams about thee than a *Hocus Pocus*, or the Wonderful Fish that came Arm'd against Turk and Pope.

Quick. Work upon that now.

Touch. Thou shameless Varlet, do'st thou deride me too? do'st thou laugh at thy lawful Master, contrary to thy Indentures? I will make thee, Sirrah, at Noon-day for Pennance, to walk in this Equipage from *Leaden-Hall* to *Ludgate*.

Quick. I will as soon serve a Prenticeship to every Cuckold betwixt *Leaden-Hall* and *Ludgate*, by this Light. What a Plague, Sir, I am a Gentleman, tho a younger Brother, and your Worships Servant.

Touch. Do'st thou Swear, Rake-hell? thy Father was an honest Tradesman.

Quick. But my Mother was a Gentlewoman, and with your favour, Sir, I will swear by the Mothers side. Is it not for your Worships Advantage that I keep Company? I am entertain'd amongst Gallants, they call me Cousin *Frank*; right. I lend them Money; good. They spend it; very well. And when 'tis gon, must they not strive to get more? must not their Land fly? and to whom? shall not your Worship have the Refusal? How could Tradesmen thrive

thrive if Gentlemen were not Unthrifts? how could Gentlemen be Unthrifts without Supplies for their Debauchery? Well, the City ought to consider me. I am now going to a Gaming-House; the Sparks fall to Play; I carry light Gold with me; Cousin *Frank*, say they, some Gold for Silver; I change gain by it: They lose the Gold and cry, Cousin *Frank*, Lend me some Silver; by which means——

Touch. Nay, the Rogue has Wit, that's certain; the Rogue has Wit—— I cannot help loving the Dog——but, Sirrah, did I gain my Wealth by Ordinaries? no. By exchanging of Gold? no. By keeping Gallants Company? no. I hired me a little Shop, sought low, kept no Debt-Book, garnish'd my Shelves for want of Plate with good wholsom thrifty Sentences; as, *Touchstone* keep thy Shop, and thy Shop will keep thee; Light Gains, make heavy Purses; Be merry, and wise. And when I was Wiv'd having somthing to stick to, I had ever the Horn of Security before my Eyes; you all know the device of the Horn, where the young Fellow slips in at the Butt, and comes squeez'd out at the Buckall. Yet I grew up to this Dignity that you see here, and bear my Brows as high as my Neighbours; but thou——well, look to Accounts, your Father's Bond lyes for you, Seven hundred art thou run out of Cash.

Quick. I have proper Gentlemens words for't, and well drest! shall I deny a Gentleman that calls me Cousin *Frank*?

Enter a Page.

Page. Which is Mr. *Touchstone*'s Shop?

Gold. Here, Sir. What lack you, Sir? what d'ye buy, Sir?

Touch. Look you there now! there's your Fellow Servant, do's he spark it? well, if he outlast not an hundred such crackling Bavins as thou art, Heav'n and Men neglect Industry——with me Boy?

Page. My Master, Sir *Petronell Flash*, presents his Service to you, and intends instantly to visit you.

Touch. I understand you Boy: to Consummate Marriage with my Eldest Daughter; my Wive's Dilling, whom she longs to call Madam——Your Master shall find me most unwillingly ready, Boy. [*Ex. Page.*

There's another Affliction too; my Eldest Daughter is as Prodigal as my youngest Servant. She must be Ladify'd forsooth, take all her Dress from the Court, take Quality-Rambles, and keep Quality-Hours. Well, a piece of Land she has, her Grandmothers Gift, let her Sir *Petronell* flash out that: But as for my Substance, she that scorns me, as I am a Citizen and Alderman, shall never be the better for that; nor shall that be the worse for her——However ——*Golding*, come hither, *Golding*——no, no, you *Quick-silver*——I, I, *Golding*, *Golding* my outmost Care is for thee; and my only Trust is in thee, look to the Shop——Mr. *Quick-silver*, look on the Prodigals Hog-trough in the Hangings within, I say, Consider them: think upon Husks: Husks——work upon that now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Husks in your Wittal's weazon; and a Million of Millstones to the Bargain. Here's Authority with a Horse Pox.

Gold. For ſhame how you Talk.

Quick. And who ſhall ſay me nay? I will both Talk and *S*wear, I am a Gentleman, and may *S*wear by my Pedigree. *Golding* thou art yet----but I'll improve thee into a Man and a good Fellow, I will ſhew thee Company with *S*ouls in them, Drink thee into good *B*lood.

Good ſtore of briſk Claret ſupplies ev'ry thing,
And the Man that is Drunk is as great as a King.

Gold. Away with your Ribaldry Play-houſe Morals.

Quick. I tell thee we will redeem, redeem the City's Honour, and ſhew there may be 'Prentices that are no Coxcombs. *S*hall our free *S*pirits be held in Bonds of Calf-skin, and ſubjected to a formal *B*eard and Chain?

Gold. What would you have me do?

Quick. Do nothing, turn Gentleman and be Idle; the Curſe of Man is Labour. Wilt thou walk here from *S*un to *S*un between two Piſſing Poſts, or ſtand with a bare Pate, driveling Noſe, and Arms a-croſs under a rotten Pent-houſe?

Gold. Away, you Prodigal Fool.

Quick. That word again and thou art Immortal.

Gold. Thou Shuttle-Cock; Thou Gull of lew'd Companions; I ſee thee already in the *Temple* Rounds with half a Hat, thy Crevat the reverſion of a *B*arber's Apron——ſoft, ſoft, unſheath that Iron, and I will make thee ſwallow it.

Quick. As I am a Gentleman, I'll get drunk incontinently, incontinently, grow Valiant, and beat thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Security's *Houſe.*

Wynifred *S*ecurity's *Wife*, *and* Clogg *giving her a Letter.*

Clogg. From your Admirer Madam, *S*ir *Petronell Flaſh.*

Wyn. And are you certain my Old *Security* did not ſee you take it in?

Clogg. Pray think I underſtand my Office better.

Wyn. What an impudent Knight is this to continue addreſſing to me, and ſend me word the ſame time that he's going to be Marry'd, but for my ſake and to prevent *S*uſpicion: 'tis a ſcurvy ſure way, and I could have ſtuddy'd better. I'll hear no further from him.

Clogg. By your Beauties leave, Madam, I muſt preſume to ſay you are not altogether ſo wiſe as true politick Wife would be; who being Marry'd to ſuch a Nicumpoop (I ſpeak it with my Maſter's peace) whoſe Face confeſſes him what you ought to make him), that you will out of conſcientious ſcruple, defraud a poor Old Gentleman of what he longs for, and makes it his whole ſtuddy to compaſs only a Modiſh Title; could he but write *Cuckold* he has his Ends; for look you——

Wyn. What means the Varlet? why thou know'ſt the golden Fruit was never watcht ſo, as my Old Dragon watches me.

Clogg. Why, there you find his worſhipful Ambition, the Top of it, the very forked Top. Why ſhould he keep you thus mur'd up in a back Room, allow you ne'er a Caſement to the Streets, for fear of ingendring by the Eyes, forbid you Paper, Pen and Ink like Rats-bane, ſearch your half Pint of Sack, leaſt a Letter ſhould be ſunk in it? why all this Confinement but to make Men covet you the more?

Wyn. I grant it indeed the only Method that cou'd ſeduce me, and bring upon his head what moſt he fears.

Clogg. Will you make benefit of Time and Truth? I am ſet over you, employ'd to watch your Steps, your Looks, your very Breathings, and report them to him, now if you will be a modiſh right ſweet Miſtreſs, we'll make a Cokes of this wiſe Maſter, an abſolute fine Cokes, quite diſappoint the Care and Induſtry of ſuch a ſolemn and effectual Aſs, an Aſs to ſuch good purpoſe as we'll make him.

Wyn. I underſtand you not.

Clogg. I am, 'tis true, my Maſter's man, but my Miſtreſſes ſlave, the Servant of her Pleaſures and ſweet Turns, and know all Points that will conduce to them. I will contrive it ſo that you ſhall go to Park, to Plays, to Feaſts and Maſquerades, take care you ſhall have ſuch Rigging Sails, and Trim as handſome Veſſels ſhou'd put forth with, I'll chooſe you Confidents, and Lovers, convey your Letters, fetch you Anſwers, with all other Offices requiſite to youthful Blood and *Beauty*.

Wyn. This is moſt ſtrange.

Clogg. And for Variety, at times (though I am not of Symmetry and Complexion to boaſt a Soveraignty over Ladies hearts, like ſome of my ſphere) yet I can do, my ſweet Madam.

Wyn. How's this?

Clogg. Dear, delicate Madam, I am your little Paraquit, your Sparrow, your Shock, your Pugg, your Squirrel.

Wyn. Impudent *Slave*! what can the Varlet mean by this Preſumption?—— Oh, I have found it out, and was moſt dull not to conceive it before; My jealous Husband put him on this Practice——Where are you, Sir? for I know you hear me; come from your peeping Corner; ſpare your ſelf a little from your Watch to applaud your Groom here, that ſo well follows your Inſtructions.

Enter Security.

Sec. Where is my little *Bunting*? why how now, *Bird*? what, in a Pett? I Prithee what's the matter?

Wyn. Very well, you are a Stranger to the Plot, I warrant you? did not ſet your Vaſſal here to tempt your innocent Wife with moſt uncivil Language and Action?

Clogg. I ſweat, I ſweat.

Sec. I underſtand thee not, my Goldfinch.

Clogg. Sir, the *Eſſex* Squire has been thrice here ſince you went out, he'll Mortgage to his Uncle, unleſs you find him inſtantly.

Sec.

Sec. That must not be——What were you saying, Chick?

Wyn. Durst he presume to mention Love to me without Directions from you?

Sec. To mention Love to thee, *Bunting*? Conspire against my Honour? ——What wert thou saying, *Clogg*? is there any Danger of our missing of the Mortgage——The Varlet durst not do't, my Lark. What? mention Lewdness to thee? any thing that pointed towards Cuckolds Row?

Wyn. As if you were not planted on the *Stairs*, or behind the Hangings—— I am sure 'twas your Direction.

Sec. Thou shalt see, *Bird*, how I directed him, [*Puts off his Cloak.* O thou most manifest Villain! Thou Fiend Apparent! Thou declar'd Hell-hound! [*Beats him.*

Clogg. *Sir*, *Sir*, *Sir*.

Sec. Knave, Rascal, Traitor, have I found you? what, upon your first point of Trust and Charge? the very Week of your Probation?

Clogg. Some Moderation, good *Sir*.

Sec. Have I for this conferr'd all Offices upon thee, made thee my Clerk, Wardrobe Man, Caterer, Cook, Butler, *Steward*, and what transcends all these, my Wife-watcher?

Clogg. Good *Sir*.

Wyn. But tell me, *Cue*; where were you all the while?

Sec. At Councel *Bramble*'s, Bird, drawing up of a Judgment.——There is one blow more for exercise——You see, my Lark, how I directed him.

Clogg. Would you had done, *Sir*.

Sec. O Bird, what Blessings follow Industry, no less than three Forfeitures this Morning.——One more to put you in mind of the last? you are pamper'd with your whole Pitchard a day, I shall reduce you to a *Sprat*, Rogue. Are you tentiginous? ha!

Clogg. I shall expire---dear *Sir*.

Sec. And what is all this care and toil of mine for, but to enrich thee, Bird? Six *Flanders* Mares to your Coach, that's your Proportion. I do hunger and thirst to do the good, Bird.

Wyn. Why am I then confin'd to one dark Room?

Sec. For thy good still, *Bird*, and beside, to please thee thou shalt have thy Cage new Painted. There's conceit for thee. Turn me loose to the wittiest of 'em, and to the wisest too. What Trade like mine of Usury? All others complain of Inconvenience. The Merchant says, Traffick is subject to Incertainty and Loss; let them keep their Goods on dry Land with a Vengeance. *Besides*, their Gains are unconscionable, two for one, or so; whereas I in my Lending of Money am content with moderate Profit, 30 or 40 in the 100, so I may have it with Quietness, and no Hazzard.

Wyn. Thy Godfathers were in the right; *Cue*, thou deserv'st thy Name.

Sec. One Prays for a Westwardly Wind to carry his *Ship* out, another for an Eastwardly to bring his home; and at every shaking of a Leaf he falls into an Ague. The Farmer is ever at odds with the weather, sometimes the Clouds are barren, their Harvests are too thin; sometimes the *Season* is too fruitful, and Corn will bear no Price; whereas we that Trade only in Money, are

pleas'd

pleas'd with all Weathers; so the *Sun* and *Moon* stand not still, but make up Days, Months, and Years.

Enter Mrs. Syndesie.

Syn. O *Sir*, Mr. *Francis Quick-silver*'s below.

Sec. Bring him up, dear Charge, I do hunger and thirst to do him good.---- To thy Chamber, my dear Turtle.

Wyn. Let it be the *Street* Room this time, *Cue.*

Sec. It shall be the back Room, I have *Sworn* it in the violence of my Affection to thee.

Wyn. One pair of *Stairs* then.

Sec. Two, *Bird*, Two. Thou seest my Love in keeping thee so close, it shews thou art my Jewel——In my sight still?

Re-enter Syndesie *with* Quick-silver.

Quick. And how fares my Old Dad? does he digest Iniquity well still? and has he seen my running *Gelding* drest to day? O, my dear *Syndesie*, that Time were half so fleet, my wisht Enfranchisement would soon arrive.

Syn. Ah *Frank*, you wish you know not what! your Master's Wealth and Trust supports you now, but when that Term's expir'd——

Quick. Why then I'll conjure Money to my Pockets, tho she were fled and dead, I'd raise her with *Aqua vitæ* out of old Hogsheads; while there are Lees of Wine or Dregs of Beer, I'll never want her; Coyn her out of Cobwebs; raise Wooll upon Eggshels, make Grass grow upon Marrow-bones, but I will make her come.

Syn. Come, you may yet provide a *Stock* for Traffick against your time expires.

Quick. Thou art a Fool *Syn.* Traffick! shall I, who am the Flower of City Wits, turn Paltry Merchant, and trust my Estate to a Hogs-trough? what are *Ships* but Tennis *Balls* for the Winds to play withal? *footra* for dull Preferments of the City. I will to Court *Syn.*

Syn. What Winds or *Seas* have Hazard like——

Re-enter Security.

Quick. Ah Pox! and who taught you this Morality?

Sec. Long of this Witty Age, Mr. *Francis*, and your Mercurial Conversation.

Quick. Well said Old Dad, Thou Father of Destruction. I am bringing more Widgeons into thy Usurious Nets. Claw me, claw thee, runs through Court and Countrey.

Sec. Right, my subtle *Quick.* I do therefore hunger and thirst to do thee good.——But what new Game hast thou sprung, my nimble *Francis*; for I do hunger and thirst to do thee good?

Quick. A certain Knight of my Acquaintance——

Sec.

Sec. I hunger and thirſt to do him good.

Quick. Has preſent Occaſion for twelve Hundred Guinneys: *Sir Petronell Flaſh* by Name.

Sec. How? that *Bankrupt Prodigal*, I renounce him and his Wants.

Quick. That is betwixt you and I, Dad: but this Day he Marries my Maſter's eldeſt Daughter, and——

Sec. Bring me to him inſtantly, I hunger and thirſt to do him good, come bring me to him——You were tentiginous, Rogue, were you? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Touchſtone's *Houſe.*

Girfred, Mildred, Poldavie *with a French Mantoa under his Arm*, Girfred's *Maid.*

Gir. For the Paſſion of Patience, look if *Sir Petronell* approach; that ſweet, that fine, that Alamode, that——for Loves ſake tell me if he come——O *Siſter Mill*, tho my Father be a Paltry Tradeſman, yet I muſt be a Lady, and I will be a Lady, and I thank my Stars, my Mother muſt call me Madam——does he come, off with this ſcandalous Gown for ſhame, let not my Knight take in this vile City cut at any rate——does he come?——tear it, Pox on't, tear't off——*Thus while ſhe ſleeps, I ſorrow for her ſake*——What a dull Engliſh Animal art thou to keep me an Age in torment? tear it off, I ſay.

Mild. Lord, Siſter, with what diſdain do you put off your City Tire? what pains you take to make your ſelf Ridiculous.

Gir. Lord, Siſter *Mill*, that you will be pretending to Gallantry and Dreſs with that mechanick Soul of yours! how often have I told you that you have no Genius for theſe things? How ſhould you underſtand *Mien* or *bon Grace*, the Brillian and Negligence of a Court Carriage, the *belle* conceit of a Fan, and the *Eſprit* of a *Fontnage?* I have ſtuddy'd theſe things, and have fancy to reach the Meridian of them.

Mild. To reach the Meridian of Folly, you mean, Siſter.

Gir. Your Ambition, Siſter, aſpires no higher than to Marry a Common-Council-Man, and a Crape Gown with a filthy Engliſh Cut may ſerve your turn: but I muſt be a Lady. I like the humour of ſome City Dames well, to eat Cherries at an Angel a Pound pretty well: to die Scarlet black Tolerable: to line their Coaches with Velvet indifferent; but for a thouſand other Niceties they have no Fancy: they are my Averſion as I hope to be a Lady----- Is he not come yet? Lord, what a long Knight 'tis? *And ever ſhe cry'd ſhoot home, ſhoot home*----yet I have known a longer----

Mild. Well, Birds that ſcorn their Neſt before their Plumes are grown----

Gir. Still at your reprimands? Thou art more dull and troubleſome than *Bow-Bell.* When I am a Lady, I'll pray for thy Converſion to *Senſe*; nay, I'll vouchſafe to call thee *Siſter Mill*; for though thou art not like to be a Lady, yet 'tis poſſible thou may'ſt be ſav'd as ſoon as I----not come yet?---- and ever and anon, ſhe doubled in her *Song*----Liberty, Liberty. Now Monſieur *Poldavie* for your Reputation; come, fit it on.

Pold.

Pold. Me sal please you Madam assurement.

Gir. There's mettle for you! well, there's more Soul in one French Taylor, than in a whole Company of our Train'd-Bands. Page, let me have the French Song, it will help off this fatigue of Dressing.

SONG.

She.

THe Wise believe that I love none,
And some that I love All;
While none can call my heart his Own,
Each Portion is so small.

He.

Some say, I for Olinda *dye;*
My Breast so fierce a Passion warms;
Most think my hour is not so nigh,
But ah! They little know her Charms.

She.

My Heart's the Weather-cock of Love,
Which ev'ry Sigh can turn;
And ev'ry am'rous Breath can move,
But Nothing make it burn.

He.

My Heart is Love's meer Tennis-Ball,
Here tost, there bandy'd up and down;
But in good Hands, if once it fall,
'Tis lodg'd, 'tis then for ever gon.

[Poldavie *the mean time fits on her Mantoa, and her Woman puts on her Head-Tire.*

And is this Alamode upon your Honour, Monsieur?

Pold. Ver fine, Madam; here it be close, here it be stiff, here it be Capacity, and will keep your Tighs so cool. Here vas de faut in your Body, Madam; but mee have rectify dat defect with de effect of my steel Instrument; my steel Instrument, Madam, have one Eye, but can ver well see to rectify de imperfections in de Ladies Proportions, Madam.

Gir. And how must I bear my Hands now? light.

Pold. Ouy, Madam, now you be de Court fashoon, you must all ting light, tread light, and fall light——bon amy! dat be de Court Ambla.

Mil. Has the Court never a Trott, Monſieur?

Pold. No Trotta, no Trott, but de falſe Gallopa, Madam.

Gir. An' thou hadſt been an Engliſh Tire-woman, I ſhould have beaten thee; for I could learn another Story of *Fontanges*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The Knight is come, Madam.

Gir. Is my Knight come? where's my Fan now? Siſter, do my Cheeks look well? give me a little Box o'th' Ear, to fetch the Colour into them. So, ſo---O deareſt Dear! How does my Errant Knight?

Mil. For ſhame, with more Modeſty.

Gir. Modeſty! why? I am no Citizen now: Modeſty! am not I to be Marry'd? you had beſt keep me Modeſt when I am a Lady; the way of---- is a la negligence, is't not my Hero?

Pet. Aſſurance there is neceſſary, Madam.

Gir. But why came you no ſooner, Knight?

Pet. A moſt important——

Gir. And who were you with?

Pet. A true——

Gir. And was your Wine good?

Pet. If you——

Gir. And were your Company mad enough? for I muſt have you very lewd; 'tis Alamode and great. Well, there is nothing can ſpoil our Happineſs, but your being too fond of me; fondneſs in a Husband is a mechanick thing. I hope therefore you'll prove wild, to juſtifie your Quality.

Pet. I ſhall endeavour on my part, Madam.

Enter Mrs. Touchſtone.

Mrs. T. Welcom, my honorable Gueſt; and when muſt this Marriage affair be diſpatcht?

Pet. I come now, Madam, to conſummate it; If Mr. Alderman pleaſes, you may this Morning call a poor Knight Son-in-Law.

Mrs. T. And my Daughter Madam; what an Air is there! how well her Dreſs and Quality becomes her!

Enter Touchſtone.

Look here, Maſter *Touchſtone*, and weep your Eyes blind for Joy; would you imagine this to be your Daughter? for my part, I ſcarce can. What, no reſpect to her Ladiſhip?

Touch. Sir Knight, you are welcom to her Body; as for the reſt, I am not unwilling to forego it; becauſe it is not in my Power to keep it from you. There I think I am civil to you. Seven hundred Pound purchace of Land

Land her Grandmother left her, is yours; Her self (as her Mother's Gift) is yours; but if you expect any thing from me, know, that my Hand Eyes open together; I do not give blindly----Work upon that now.

Pet. Sir, You mistrust my Means; I hope, I am a Knight.

Touch. Sir, what I do not know, I must be bold to say I am ignorant of.

Mrs. T. Nay, I can answer for his being a Knight; I know where he had the Money to pay his Fees. And so might you have been a Knight, an' you had not been an Ass; had I thought you won'd not have been Knighted, I would have dub'd you my self——but as for your Daughter——

Gir. I Mother, I must be a Lady anon, and by your leave, Mother, (I speak it not without my Duty, but only in right of my Husband) I must take place of you, Mother.

Mrs. T. That you shall, Lady-Daughter; and have a Coach too, as well as I.

Gir. And, by your leave, Mother, (I speak it not without my Duty, but only in right of my Husband) my Coach-Horses must take the Wall of your Coach-Horses.

Touch. Come, come, the Day wears apace; I love to have a scurvy Business soon over——There I think I was civil again——d'ye hear, Sir, how you will use this Daughter of mine, I know not; and how she will deserve to be us'd, I know less than t'other: But I must tell you, Sir, that for your sake she has refus'd known honest Men, well money'd, better traded, best reputed----Work upon that now.

Gir. Citizens, *ma foy*, beastly Citizen, sweet Knight, as soon as ever we are Marry'd, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable City, from the scent of Sea-coal, and the hearing of *Bow-Bell*; let us but Marry a little, and then down with me, down with me immediately. [*Exeunt all.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chair, Coat, Perewigg, and Band.

After a confuſed manner, the Waits, Drums, Trumpets, ſaluting the Bridegroom; Enter Touchſtone, *in his Night Gown and Cap.*

Touch. HEre's a Noiſe with a Vengeance, as if a Pope were Roaſting with Cats in his Belly. Why, my Houſe has been made a Tavern this Night; but my comfort is, the Reckoning falls to my Wife's Charge. Our Bellies have ſtow'd more ſorts of Proviſion than *Noah*'s Ark: 'Tis our City's fault, which, becauſe we do it but ſeldom, we do it the more ſinfully.——Hey! *Quick-ſilver*——Here's no being heard without a Speaking Trumpet——*Quick-ſilver*, I ſay, Mr. *Francis Quick-ſilver*.

Enter Quick-ſilver.

Quick. Here, Sir. Uck!

Touch. Moſt worſhipful Sir, will your important Affairs give you leave to Dreſs me?

Quick. I ſhould leave any Buſineſs to ſerve you, Sir; though I were faſt aſleep. Uck!

[*He puts on his Coat wrong, and Buttons it behind.*

Touch. Foh, Sirrah! how you ſtink of Wine.

Quick. Would you deſire a better ſmell, Sir? Uck! uck!

Touch. The Drunken Hiccough too, upon my Honour.

Quick. 'Tis but the coldneſs of my Stomach, Sir.

Touch. What, have you the Cauſe natural for it? The Wedding Night could not moiſten your Throat ſufficiently, but the Morning too muſt rain her Dews upon you.

Quick. An' pleaſe you, Sir, we did but drink to the coming off of the Knightly Bridegroom.

Touch. To the coming off on him?

Quick. I, Sir, we drank to his coming on when we went to Bed, and now we are up, we muſt drink to his coming off; That's the chief Honour of a Souldier, Sir; and therefore we muſt drink ſo much the more to it. Uck!

Touch. A very Capital Reaſon. I believe your Logick muſt be forc't anon to make three Silver Tankards out of two.

Quick. The Knight's Men are ſtill on their Knees at it; and becauſe 'tis for your Credit, Sir, I would be loth to flinch.

Touch.

Touch. I beſeech you, Sir, to 'em again: you are one of the ſeparated Crew, one of my Wife's Faction.

Quick. Of the ſure ſide, Sir.

Touch. And of my young Ladies, with whom, and her great Match, I will have nothing to do.

Quick. So, Sir, now I will go keep my Credit with 'em, an' pleaſe you, Sir.

Touch. By any means, Sir, I beſeech you, lay one Cup of Sack more upon your cold Stomach----but have a care, Sirrah, your Head will be turn'd preſently, I can tell you.

Quick. Your Worſhip's Head is turn'd already, Sir. [*Exit.*

Touch. What's that, Rogue? ha! Drunk for my Credit, quoth-a? 'tis a ſprightly Knave this. I have two Daughters juſt like my two Servants; one has Grace, and no Wit; the other Wit, and no Grace; There's my Wife has neither. Well, Mr. *Alderman*, thy Preferment is thy Comfort; and in that Conſideration———

[*Looks in the Glaſs, and ſees himſelf wrong dreſt.*

What's here now? what a prophane Varlet is this, not to know the right ſide of an Alderman?———he ſaid my Head was turn'd indeed. *Golding*, *Golding*.

Enter Golding.

Gold. Here, Sir; what does your Worſhip want?

Touch. Come, Dreſs me, *Golding*.

Gold. Undreſs you, Sir, you mean?

Touch. There's a piece of Conceit too: well, every thing muſt have a beginning----How now *Mil?*

Enter Mildred.

Mil. How fare you, Sir, this Morning? has not the Noiſe diſturb'd you? it was my Mother's humour.

Touch. So now, here's all the ſober parcel my Family can ſhew; the reſt of my Houſe are giddy, the very Stairs and Walls ſtagger----thy Mother, *Mil*, has us'd me to Noiſe, I thank her. Let me ſee now, let me ſurvey your two Phyſiognomies; ſome Reſemblance upon my Honour: *Golding*, I can tell thee for thy comfort, thou wilt come to be an Alderman; I ſee by that thriving Sheeps-face of thine.

Gold. Your Worſhip thinks too favourably of me.

Touch. Come hither, *Mil*; what think'ſt thou of thy Siſter?

Mil. As a Siſter, Sir; I hope well.

Touch. I wou'd not give a Button for thy hopes of her, nor my own neither; but tell me what thou think'ſt of her?

Mil. I am loth to think ill, Sir; and ſorry that I cannot ſpeak well.

Touch.

Touch. Very good: and, *Golding*, how likeſt thou the Knight, Sir *Flaſh?* Does not the Elephant look big? They ſay, he has a Caſtle in the Country.

Gold. Pray Heav'n the Elephant carry not his Caſtle on his Back, Sir; the beſt I can ſay of him is, that I know him not.

Touch. Golding, I commend thee, I approve thee, and I will make it appear that my Affection is ſtrong to thee----My Wife has had her humour, and I will have mine. Doſt thou ſee my Daughter there? ſhe is not fair, not very fair, ſomewhat favourable like me---her Face, I muſt tell thee, has a great Bleſſing with it; that it will give thee no reaſon to ſuſpect her---look you, thou art towardly, ſhe is modeſt; thou art provident, ſhe is careful---ſhe's now Mine, give me thy Hand---ſhe is now Thine; Work upon that now.

Gold. Sir, I had too much Honour in your Service;
But to make me your Son———

Touch. Is to get me a Grandſon, I take it. Come, ye modeſt Fools, I muſt have you better acquainted: Lip her, ſlave, Lip her; what? doſt thou pauze upon the Matter? why, there's thy Fellow-ſervant *Francis*, would have come over for the King with half this Encouragement.

Gold. I ſcarcely, Sir, durſt truſt my happineſs.

Touch. Nay, I was never forward to meddle with any thing that I durſt not, truth of it; let me ſee, Thou haſt a kind of a ſerious leering look too; a little too much Modeſty at preſent; but when thou art Marry'd I warrant thou wilt———ha!———Thou wilt———what was I a going to ſay now———go, get you gone, you little tynie Rogues; get you gone together. [*Exeunt* Gold. *and* Mild.

Enter Quick-ſilver *diſorder'd.*

Quick. Halloa, you pamper'd Jades of *Aſia.*

Touch. Why, how now, Sirrah? what vein is this? ha!

Quick. Who cries on Murder? Lady, was it you?

Touch. So, Sirrah, you are paſt your drunken Hiccough now, I ſee.

Quick. And what's that to you, blind Bitch? will you mount the *Trojan* Horſe, and drive the Pigmies like Geeſe before you?

Touch. Drunk, upon my Honour; ſtark Drunk.

Quick. 'Tis for my Maſter's Honour, Strumpet.

Touch. I am told too, you keep a Whore in Town.

Quick. 'Tis for my Maſter's Credit———Kiſs me Baud———I will ſalute thy precious Perſon; I will ſalute thy nether Lip.

Touch. The Knave is loving in his Drink.----Nay, fie; piſh, fie; I do proteſt I will cry out a Rape.

Quick. Do'ſt thou hear, Doxie? Old *Touchſtone* is a Cuckold.

Touch. Mercy on me! an Alderman a Cuckold----paſt Grace, that's certain. I muſt proceed to Execution---There's *Enſe reſcidendum* for you, Sirrah; there's your Indentures; all your Apparel that I know of

of is upon your Back; and ſo my Heart and Doors henceforth are ſhut upon thee.

Quick. Am I free then? Old *Satan*, I will tell thee ——

Touch. What now, Sirrah?

Quick. When this eternal ſubſtance of my Soul——

Touch. What then, Sir?

Quick. I was a Courtier in the *Spaniſh* Court, and *Don Andrea* was my Name.

Touch. Good Maſter, *Don Andrea*, will you march?

Quick. I will piſs upon thy Threſhold, and throw rotten Eggs againſt thy Sign-Poſt——ha! doſt thou ſhake thy goary Locks at me?—— avaunt, I ſay.

Touch. Help! Murder, murder. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. Security's *Houſe.*

Security *and his Wife Playing at Putt*, Syndefie *by them.*

Sec. There's up, *Wynny*, there's up; Come give me my Winnings. [*Kiſſes her.*

Look you there now; is not this better than to throw away Guinneys at heatheniſh Baſſett, and Comett? there is no Game, for Invention, like Putt and One and Thirty: My Sow has Pigg'd too, is a notable piece of Skill.

Enter Clogg.

Sec. Now, Sirrah, where have you been loitering all this while? let me ſee, thou haſt been a whole half hour, five minutes, and three crochets compleatly.

Clogg. Maſter *Quick-ſilver*, Sir, is drown'd at preſent in the Bride-Bowl.

Sec. And haſt thou been at Mr. *Bramble*'s Chamber in the *Temple?*

Clogg. Yes, Sir, 'has diſpatcht his Client, and only ſtays for a Fee on the other ſide too, before he waits upon you.

Sec. Fees on both ſides may make a reaſonable Livelihood---- Come nearer, Sirrah; and breathe upon me——Wine, Wine upon my Conſcience; would you think it, Mrs. *Syn?* this Rogue has taſted Wine; ſwallow'd it.

Syn. O, moſt unconſcionable Hound!

Clogg. A ſingle Pint, Sir, between a Friend and I.

Sec. And you Treated? Sixpence at a ſitting, Rogue?

Clogg. Once in Seven years, Sir.

Sec. Once in Seven years, Varlet? doſt thou know what that amounts to? Thou art a luſty young Knave, and ſcaping *Tyburn*, may'ſt live this Seventy years yet. I will demonſtrate to thee Sixpence once in every Seven years,

years, Use upon Use, will in that time arise to Twenty four Pound Twelve Shillings. What a Fortune art thou fal'n from——Thou hast seen this Mr. *Bramble*, *Wynny*, an unconscionable old Rogue, that keeps his Wife lockt up.

Wyn. Why then do you use me so?

Sec. I do it out of Love, my Bunting; that Knave does it out of Jealousie.

Wyn. As if you were not Jealous.

Sec. Not Jealous in the least; I am only afraid thou should'st make me a Cuckold.

Wyn. Come, *Cue*; you promis'd I shou'd go abroad the next fair Day, to the Musick-House in the Fields.

Sec. It is not worth thy Pains, my Goldfinch; Look you, I can make you ten times better Musick.

The Froe She wan an Excise, &c.

Wyn. Ay, but there is a pretty Play in *Moor-Fields*.

Sec. Why, I will act thee a better Play my self. What wilt thou have? The Knight of the Burning Pestle? or, The doleful Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisbe*? That's my Master-Piece; when *Piramus* comes to be dead, I can act a dead man rarely, *The rageing Rocks, and shivering Shocks, shall break the Locks of Prison Gates; And* Phœbus *Carr, shall shine from Far, to make and marr the foolish Fates.*——Was not that lofty, now? Then there's the *Lion*, *Wall* and *Moonshine*, three Heroick Parts; I Play'd 'em all at School. I roar'd out the Lion so terribly, that the Company call'd out to me to roar again.

Wyn. I, *Cue*; but there is the *Italian* Piece, at *Charing-Cross*.

Sec. You mean *Punch*, my intimate Friend and Acquaintance? I knew Old *Punch* his Grandfather-----you shall see. [*He Acts* Punch.

Syn. Clogg, get me a Squib to compleat the Sport.

[Syndefie *lays the Squib under his Chair, and blows him up.*

Quick-silver *enters upon them.*

Quick. Why, how now Dad? what merry Pranks are these?

Sec. Nothing, nothing, *Francis*; a little conjugal Conceit for my Wife's Diversion---- ah Lard, that my Gravity should be so apprehended----- Come up, *Wynny*,---come to thy Chamber. [*Leads her out.*

Quick. Now, my dear *Syn*, I am free as Elemental Air; the Indented Sheep-skin's Burnt, in which I was wrapt; like *Sampson*, I have broke Philistian Bonds, and in thy Arms, my lovely *Dalilah*-----Come, let my Trunks shoot forth their Silks conceal'd, and deck me like a Bridegroom.

[*She brings forth his Periwigg, Crevat, Sword*, &c. *and puts them on him.*

Syn. But alas, *Frank*, how will this Bravery be maintain'd now? your Place maintain'd it before.

Quick. Why? and I maintain'd my Place.

Syn. There is no standing without Leggs, nor flying without Wings, *Frank*; there's none but must have Trades to live withal.

Quick.

Quick. Away with your mouldy Proverbs, Trades to live withal? No, I say, still let him that has Wit, live by his Wit; and he that has none, let him be a Tradesman.

Enter Security.

Sec. Witty, Master *Francis!* Indeed 'tis pity any Trade should dull that quick Brain of yours——Well, do but bring Knight *Petronell* into my Parchment Toyls, and you shall never need to drudge in any Trade——o' my Credit, you shall not; I do hunger and thirst to do thee good——Do'st thou know his Wife's Land? do'st thou?

Quick. Even to a foot, Sir; I have been often there. A very fine Seat, good Land, all intire within it self.

Sec. Well wooded, *Frank?* well-wooded?

Quick. Seven hundred Pounds worth ready to Fell, and a fine sweet House that stands just in the midst of it, like a point in the middle of a Circle.

Sec. Excellent Master *Francis!* how I long to do the good! I even die, that thou may'st inherit my Possessions——for, on my Religion, Master *Francis*, I meddle in this affair to do the Knight a Pleasure; and so 'pray tell him.

Quick. Get him the Money ready then, Dad; for *inter nos*, all that he was able of himself to raise, is laid out on a Ship now bound for *Virginia*; the manner of which Voyage is so closely laid, that neither his Lady-Bride, nor any of her Friends know of it. Therefore as soon as her Hand is gotten to the Sale of the Inheritance, and you have furnish'd him with the Money, he will instantly hoist Sail and away.

Sec. And a frank gale go with him, Master *Frank*——alas, we have too few such Knights Adventurers; let his Wife Seal to Day, he shall have the Money to Day.

Quick. This very Morning she intends for the Countrey to work, to which Action, with more Engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet *Syn* here to her, for her Gentlewoman; whom you, for better Credit, shall present as your Kinswoman, newly come up to learn Fashions.

Sec. On my Religion, a most pithy Project; as good she spoil the Lady, as the Lady spoil her——*Syn*, you are bound to Master *Francis*.

Quick. Look you, here is the Knight come already.

Enter Sir Petronell *with a Writing.*

Pet. I'll leave this fulsome Town immediately, here's no Diversion stirring; Wit is at low Ebb, and Wickedness at a stand; I will away immediately.

Quick. You would do well to take some Guinneys in your Pocket, Knight, or your Eastward Castle will smoak but miserably.

Pet. My Caſtle? why, thou know'ſt, *Frank*, that all my Caſtles are in the Air.

Quick. Why? whither is your Lady going then?

Pet. I'faith to ſeek her Fortune; I think I told her I had a Caſtle Eaſtward, and Eaſtward ſhe will go; her Coach, and the Coach of the Sun muſt meet full Butt.

Quick. But how will you pacifie her, Knight, when her Enchanted Houſe becomes inviſible.

Pet. I warrant you, 'tis but telling her ſhe miſtook my Directions, and that I will ſhortly down with her my ſelf; in the mean time, 'tis but clapping a new Gown upon her Crupper——

Sec. Right, Sir.

Quick. Well ſaid, Old Dad;——amongſt Friends, Knight, where have you made your choice? the *King's-Bench*, or which of the two *Compters?* for my part, I like neither of them.

Pet. There is no jeſting, *Frank*, with my Neceſſity. Thou know'ſt, that if I raiſe not preſent Money for my Voyage, all's loſt with me.

Quick. Why, that's the very Point, Sir; get but your Lady to ſet her Hand to the Sale of her Inheritance, and my old Blood-hound here, ſhall ſmell out ready Money inſtantly.

Pet. There ſpoke my Angel. I have brought her to it, and feigning my ſelf moſt extreamly amorous, have urg'd Excuſes for my ſtay behind. Child was never ſo impatient to ride a Cock-horſe, than ſhe is to hanſel her new Coach with a Journey.

Quick. She would long for every thing, when ſhe was a Maid. I'll lay my life ſhe will have four Children every year; what Charge and Humour muſt you endure that while? and how will ſhe hold you to your Tackle, till ſhe is with Child?

Sec. Nay, there is no Turn-ſpit Dog bound to his Wheel more ſervilely, than you will be to hers; for as the Dog never climbs to the top of his Wheel, but when the Wheel comes under him; ſo——you underſtand me, Sir.

Quick. Well ſaid, Old Dad, again; nay, hark you, Sir; what Nurſes, what Midwives, what Fools, what Phyſicians, what Cunning-Women and Cronies, to tell her Tales, talk Bawdy to her, make her Laugh, let her Blood——

Pet. Prethee no more: What a Death is my Life bound face to face unto? the beſt on't is, that a large time-fitted Conſcience is bound to Nothing. This *Indian* Voyage will ſet all to Rights——but ſee ſhe comes to ſeek me out, and take her leave of me.

Sec. And Mr. *Bramble* in the very Nick too; get her to Seal immediately; for I do hunger and thirſt to do you good, Sir.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Touchſtone, Girtred, Bramble, Syndefie; Girtred *in a* Chair, *with Page and Attendants.*

Gir. Further, ye dull Engliſh Blockheads, further. If I were but Lady *Mayoreſs*, you muſt have brought me paſt the Portico——Your Servant, Gentlemen.

All. Your Ladiſhips moſt humble Servants.

Gir. What a Bloom am I in all over? give me my Fan; I proteſt I am in general Damp.

Mrs. T. Here is your Ladiſhips Handkerchief, *Madam.*

Gir. Thank you, *Mrs. Touchſtone*——Well, my dear Knight, I'll take notice of you in Company now, becauſe it is within our *Month*; but hereafter, as I am a Lady, you muſt not expect it; it is not Alamode for Perſons of our Quality.

Pet. We will be careful to neglect each other, *Madam.*

Sec. I have a humble ſuit to your Ladiſhip.

Gir. You are welcom——but hold, you muſt not put on your Hat yet; Maſter *Francis Quick-ſilver*, ——as I am a Lady, I did not know him: he makes me bluſh ſo, that my Eyes ſtand with Water; would I were unmarry'd again.

Quick. I hope your Ladiſhip has no reaſon to repent——

Gir. No; but you know the firſt ſight of a Bride puts ſtrange Thoughts——what were you ſaying, Sir?

Sec. That your Ladiſhip would pleaſe to accept my Kinſwoman here, to your Service; ſhe's newly come up out of the Countrey.

Gir. Is ſhe a Gentlewoman?

Sec. She is, Madam; and one that her Father has a mind to beſtow in ſome honorable Lady's Service too——

Gir. To learn Breeding.

Mrs. T. And ſurely you have a diſcreet Choice in preferring her to her Ladiſhip.

Gir. We ſuppos'd that, Mrs. *Touchſtone:* Theſe City Gentlewomen are ſo forward---And can you do any Work that belongs to a Lady's Chamber?

Syn. What I cannot do, I ſhall be glad to learn, Madam.

Gir. And d'ye hear——Old Gentleman, you may put on your Hat now, I do not look on you——I muſt have you of my Faction, not of my Knight's; to draw all the Servants to my Bow, to tell me Tales, put me Riddles, read *Ariſtotle* while I am dreſſing, to laugh extreamly at the Countrey Gentlewomen when they have made me Viſits, to take no Care what is ſpent in the Houſe, for it is all mine; and in any Caſe to be ſtill a Maid whatever you do, and whatever any Man can do to you.

Syn. I am your Creature, Madam.

Gir. Very well, you ſhall ride down in my Coach with me immediately——is it not come yet? upon my Quality, I think I am with Child already, I long ſo for my Coach. Can I be with Child ſo ſoon, Mrs. *Touchſtone?*

Pet. But will your Ladiſhip be gone before I can poſſibly wait on you to——

Gir. Let me, dear Knight: I d' ſo long to dreſs up thy Caſtle before thou com'ſt.

Mrs. T. But muſt this little man, Madam, run all the Way a foot?

Gir. I warrant him; He gives no other Milk, as yet.

Mrs. T. Methinks 'tis pity: Good Madam, buy him a Hobby-horſe; let the poor Knave have ſomething.

Gir. You are impertinent, Mrs. *Touchſtone.*

Page. Your Coach is come, Madam.

Gir. Is my Coach come? why, that's well ſaid: methinks I am up to the Knees in Preferment: farewel, Knight.

Pet. Will not your Ladiſhip be pleas'd firſt to Sign a ſlight Paper here?

Gir. What is it?

Pet. A Deed of Sale of your Countrey Seat: Mine is more large, and ſtands more pleaſantly, only the Arras being ſomething faded, muſt now be chang'd to Wainſcot; and now for a Lady's Bed-Chamber Alcoves are all the Faſhion.

Gir. I will have it all laid out upon my Caſtle; give me the Pen.

[*She ſigns the Paper.*

Mrs. T. What is your Ladiſhip a doing?

Gir. Interrogating again, Mrs. *Touchſtone?*

Mrs. T. I will wait on your Ladiſhip to your Coach: I ſhall never ſleep till I hear your Ladiſhip is ſafe in your Caſtle, Madam, and that you live ſafe there too.

Gir. Fear it not, Mrs. *Touchſtone*: There were Gyants in it formerly, but my Knight has kill'd 'em all.

Mrs. T. And therefore he was Knighted, I preſume.

Gir. Upon my Honour the Day wears apace; come Chairmen carry me to my Coach——Adieu, Knight——upon my Quality you ſhall not ſtir one ſtep.

Servants. Heav'n bleſs your Ladiſhip.

Gir. Thank you, good People, thank you.

[*She is carry'd round the Stage and ſo off, bowing to the Company from each ſide of her Chair.*

Quick. Was there ever ſuch an Adventure?

Pet. Why this, I hope, is not the firſt falſe Journey that a Lady has taken in her Coach.

Sec. But when her Knight is upon a real Voyage.——

Enter

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Sir *Petronell*, where are you? Captain *Seagull* ſtays for you on Board; it will be Flood within this two hours.

Pet. We ſhall be time enough to reach *Black-wall*, where our Ship lies, againſt Tide. [*Exit Sailor.*

Maſter *Security*, you ſee the urgency of my Affair; meet me an hour hence at the *Swan Tavern* by *Billingſgate*, with your Money; and theſe ſhall there be made over to you: and, Mr. *Bramble*, we muſt deſire your Preſence at the Delivery.

Bramble. You have no further Service for me, Goſſip?

Sec. Nothing at preſent, Goſſip. [*Exit* Bramble.

Did you obſerve that peaching Petti-fogger, Gentlemen? a Jealous old Hunks, that locks up his Wife.

[Wynifred *looks from above.*

Wyn. Cue, Where is my *Cue*, there?

Sec. Here Bunting.

Wyn. Won't you come Putt with me above Stairs, *Cue?*

Sec. I am buſy, Bunting.

Wyn. But one word, *Cue.*

Sec. Gentlemen, I will along with you immediately. [*Exit.*

[*As he is going up, She calls to Sir* Petr. *throws him down a Letter, and retires.*

Petr. There is the *Remora* to my Voyage, *Frank*, ——how ſhall I ſail and leave my Heart behind? ——See here. [*Reads.*

I have over-heard your Voyage, and would ſhare your Adventure; deliver me from this Enchanted Caſtle, as you are a true Knight Errant.

Now *Frank*, my ſubtle *Mercury*, inſtruct me;
This were of a Maſter-piece of rare Invention,
Could I but get this *Helen* once aboard,
Not *Paris* paſt the Seas with half ſuch Pride.

Quick. I have a ſuddain lucky thought.

Pet. It is impoſſible, our time's ſo ſhort; The Husband's watch is ſo ſly upon her while he is within, and when he goes forth, he comes directly to us. Ruſt choak him, he's here again.

Quick. Leave me to work him.

Sec. Come Gentlemen, ſhall we diſpatch? to the Tavern I know our noble Knight will pay his Way: we'll take up the Money as we go; I am impatient till I do him good.

Quick. The Knight will Treat moſt freely. But firſt, Dad, we have a weighty Secret to impart to you, in which we muſt have your wiſe Aſſiſtance. This Gentleman, my Friend, has enjoy'd a Gentlewoman, whom you well know——

Sec. How's that? a Gentlewoman whom I well know?

Quick.

Quick. The Woman is your learned Councel's Wife, Mr. *Bramble*, that was here e'en now.

Sec. Why? he deserves it, *Frank*; for keeping her lockt up. I could contribute to my learn'd Councel's Cuckoldom; but you say, the Gentleman has enjoy'd her already; wherein then can I assist him further?

Quick. He wants to take the dear farewel; and therefore, Dad, if you will but take pains to bring out Mr. Councel, your Gossip, to the Tavern where we are to meet——

Sec. Nay, I would have him present at the delivery of the Deed.

Quick. I will watch his coming out, and bring his Wife disguis'd into our Company; think but what Sport 'twill be to gull his Circumspection.

Sec. On my Religion, a most pithy Project! who would not strain a point of Friendship for such a neat Device? ha! ha! ha! and the sport will be to hear me Bob and Cut upon him.

Pet. Was there ever such an old Villain? it works rarely.

Sec. To over-reach that Head that over-reaches all Heads, will be a Plot rampant; well, I hope this Harvest to pitch Carts with Lawyers, their Heads shall be so fork'd.

Pet. But how shall we disguise her on the suddain?

Quick. A Sailor's Gown and Cap, and Player's Beard.

Pet. But how shall she make bare her head, when thou present'st her to our Company? I think it best not to have her appear.

Sec. Not for the World, I must have her *coram*; the very Soul o'th' mirth is lost else——I have hit it; you shall see, Gentlemen, what an old Brain can do; I'll fetch you a Disguise.

[*Goes out, and immediately Re-enters.*

Look, Gentlemen, here is my Wife's best Gown, which you may put upon the Lawyer's Wife; and for her Face it shall be Masqu'd.

Pet. Most excellent.

Sec. And for doing this, I have two Politick Reasons. One is, That Mr. *Bramble* may thereby have some suspicion that it is my Wife; and thereupon gird me with his Lawyer's Wit. The other Reason is, That I shall be sure of my own Wife's staying at home the while; for she will never go abroad undress'd; d'ye mark me.

Pet. With Admiration.

Sec. Is it not rare? was I not born to furnish Gentlemen? Come hither, *Clogg*.

Clogg. Here, Sir.

Sec. Take this Key, and let your Mistress down into this Room for Air, till I come home again.

[*Gives him the Key.*

Quick. Do you hear that, Knight, he'll leave her freedom of the House till he returns; so that as soon as he goes out to the Lawyers, I will slip in hither again with these Cloths of his Wife's, dress her up in them, and bring her Masqu'd to the Tavern, while he shall suppose her the Lawyer's.

Sec.

Sec. Gentlemen, I will but send to Mr. *Cash* to have our Money ready against I come from my Gossips. [*Exit.*

Quick. You see, Knight, we have shamm'd my Dad here, with a Pretence on his Gossip's Wife; what will you say if I make Earnest of it, and deliver that Lady from her enchanted Castle too?

Pet. And so to go aboard with us? that were a Master-piece.

Quick. We have been private Acquaintance too: I have sent a pretended Attorney with a Sham *Sub-Pœna* for her to be Witness in a Cause this Afternoon, at the same time that Mr. Councel is to be with us at the *Swan* with your Deed; and rather than have her forfeit for Non-Appearance he will let her come abroad; by which means she will have Opportunity of meeting me by the Water-side.

Pet. Most admirable! what a History shall we leave behind us, *Frank?*

Re-enter Security.

Sec. Come, Gentlemen, shall we be stirring?

Quick. How impatient he is, as 'twere the Devil going to fetch the Lawyer.

Pet. And Devil He shall be, if Horns can make him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Tavern.*

Captain Seagull, *with other Sailors.*

C. Sea. Come, Drawer, Pierce your neatest Hogsheads, and let us have Entertainment fit for our noble Colonel: He'll be here instantly.

Draw. You shall have all things to your wish, Sir: wil't please ye to have more Wine?

C. Sea. Without measure, Slave; whether we drink it or no, spill it and draw more.

1 *Sail.* Well spoken, noble Captain.

C. Sea. Fill all your Pots and Bottles; rank 'em like Souldiers, and though we do not presently employ 'em, we'll keep 'em in Pay till we do.

Draw. You shall have all you will Command, Sir. [*Ex. Drawer.*

C. Sea. Come Boys, this *Indian* Cantlet longs till we have it's Maidenhead.

2 *Sail.* But is there such Treasure there, as we are told?

C. Sea. Vast endless *Mines*: for so much red Copper as I carry thither, I will have thrice the weight in Gold. They hinge their Doors with it, and barr their Windows.

1 *Sail.* But do you meet no Clipticks nor Tropiques by the way? I pray what sort of things are they?

C. Sea. Why, monstrous Creatures; not much unlike your Elephant; but there is your Calenture is more inclining to a Dragon.

2 *Sail.*

2 *Sail.* And is it a pleasant Countrey Captain?

C. Sea. As ever the Sun shin'd on; you have Autumn, VVinter, Spring, Summer there, all without any change of Seasons, and that you'd wonder at.

1. *Sail.* And what Government, good Captain?

C. Sea. You shall live free there without Sergeants, Lawyers, or Intelligencers; you may be an Alderman, without being a Scavinger; attain any Office, without 'Prenticeship; you may come to Preferment, without being a Pimp; to Riches and Fortune enough and have never the more Villany nor the less Wit. In a word, you will have no more Law than Conscience, and not too much of either.

2 *Sail.* And how far thither, Captain?

C. Sea. Some six Weeks Sail with an Indifferent Wind, and if I get to the Coast of *Africa*, I'll Sail with any Wind; or if we make the Cape *Finisterr*, we have a fore-right Wind till we come thither——But see our noble Colonel!

Enter Sir Petronell.

Pet. Well met, good Captain *Seagull*, and my noble Gentlemen; now our sweet hour of freedom is at hand: Come Drawer, fill us our Bumpers, to raise us for the mirth that will be occasion'd presently——Here will be a pretty Wench, Gentlemen, that will bear us Company all our Voyage.

C. Sea. To her health, noble Colonel, with Cap and Knee.

Pet. Thank you, good Captain, she's one whom I love dearly; but must not have her known till we are aboard; and so, Gentlemen, here's to her Health.

Amb. Let it come, worthy Colonel, we do both thirst and hunger for it.

Pet. Right, Sirs, you hit the very Phrase of him that is my Pimp and Cuckold too; though both unwittingly. About with it.

Enter Security, Bramble, *and* Wax.

Sec. See there, Gossip *Bramble*, their Voyage needs must prosper; they are on their Knees for success to it——Save my brave Colonel, and his tall Captains: See, Sir, my learn'd Gossip Councel *Bramble*, is come to take his leave of you.

Pet. A Health to my learn'd Councel.

Sec. You must bend too Gossip.

C. Sea. By your leave, Sir, he must not Pledge his own Health.

Sec. No, Master Captain;

Enter Quick-silver, *with* Wynifred, *Disguis'd.*

Then here is one fitly come to do him that Honour.

Quick.

Quick. Here is the Gentlewoman your Couſin, Sir, whom with much entreaty, I have brought to take her leave of you in a Tavern; and for that Reaſon the Company muſt excuſe her that ſhe puts not off her Maſque.

Pet. Pardon me, dear Couſin, my hurry and haſt of buſineſs at my going, forc'd me to give you this Trouble.

Wyn. Thanks to your good Contrivance, my dear Couſin.

[*Puts off her Mask to him aſide, and puts it on again.*

Bramb. Come hither, *Wax*,——Here, take the Key of your Miſtreſſes Chamber, 'tis high time for her to attend the Court; I muſt not have her forfeit: Be ſure you ſtir not from her: And as ſoon as ſhe has done witneſſing, ſee her Home again; Lock her up in her Chamber again, and bring me the Key to my Goſſip *Security*'s.

Sec. How's that, Mr. *Francis?* have you honour'd the Company with the Preſence of a fair Gentlewoman?

Fran. Pray Sir, take you no notice of her; for I can aſſure you, ſhe will not be known to you.

Sec. Good; but my learn'd Goſſip Councel *Bramble* here, I hope may know her? ha! ha! ha!

Fran. No more than you at preſent, his Learning muſt Pardon her.

Sec. Heav'n Pardon her, and for my part, I do.

Wyn. I am glad to hear that.

Sec. And ſo, Mr. *Francis*, Here's to all this good Company that goes Eaſtward, preſently towards *Cuckold's-Haven*——not forgetting my learn'd Goſſip *Bramble*.

Fran. Has it gone round, Gentlemen?

Pet. It has, dear *Frank*; and terminates in thee.

Fran. Then---here is Eaſtward, Gentlemen, and ſo to *Cuckold's-Haven*.

Sec. Ha! ha! ha!

Bramb. What can this mean? that word ſtrikes Terror through me.

Pet. Prethee, Couz, weep no more——Maſter *Security*.

Sec. What ſays my dear Knight?

Pet. Our Friend, Mrs. *Bramble* here, is ſo diſſolv'd in Tears, that ſhe drowns the whole Mirth of our Meeting; I do beſeech you ſpeak to her.

Sec. 'Tis ſhame and pity, Mrs. *Bramble*, what, weep in Preſence of your Love? What's the Cauſe, Lady? is it becauſe your Husband is ſo near?

Wyn. Yes.

Sec. And your Heart earns that you have a little abus'd him?

Wyn. Indeed.

Sec. Alas, the Offence is too common to be regarded.

Wyn. That's true.

Sec. You are to blame to heed a jealous Dotard.

Wyn. Right.

Sec. To steal to a young Lover.

Wyn. Certainly.

Sec. Ha! ha! ha! Once more to *Cuckolds'-Haven*, Gentlemen,——— you'll Pledge me, Gossip? let's have a frisk of footing too: Come, have you pledg'd *Cuckold's-Haven*, Gossip?

Fran. Strike up there.

[*Here they all Dance, and compass* Wynifred *in.*

Sec. Sir *Petronell*, your Cousin here is still in Tears; pray take her aside a little and comfort her.

Pet. With your fair leave, Mr. *Security*.

Sec. Most heartily. [*He Locks in Sir* Petr. *and his Wife together.* Come Sirs, another Round; He that refuses to be drunk to Night, let him be never Sober.

[*While the rest Drink, he goes hearkning to the Door.* About with it, 'tis to Sir *Petronell*, and all his Captains——you want it, Gossip. This *Cuckold's-Haven* runs so in my mind.

Bramb. But heark you, Gossip, is not that Gentlewoman your Wife, that's gone in with the Knight?

Sec. Why should you think so, Gossip?

Bramb. Because the shape and dress are very like.

Sec. Cucullus non facit Monachum, my Learned Councel; All are not Cuckolds that seem so, nor do all seem so that are so——Oh, I break my Ribs!

Sir Petronell *and* Wynifred *Re-enter.*

So, now Colonel and Captains, a good Voyage to you, Adieu: I know you do not go my Way to Night, Gossip——This *Cuckold's-Haven* runs so in my Head. [*Exit* Security.

Bramb. There is some Mystery in this; I must needs after him to be satisfy'd. Adieu, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Drawer. Sir *Petronell*, here is one of your Watermen come to tell you it is Flood, and that it will be dangerous going against Tide; for the Skies are over-cast, and there was a Porpiece seen just now below the Bridge.

Pet. No matter, we can reach *Black-Wall* against Tide, and in spight of Tempests. Come, one Round more, Gentlemen, while I discharge the House.

All. About with it.

Pet. Enough: Now Charge a Boat. Come, my fair *Helen*.

All. A Boat, a Boat, a Boat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *Changes to* Security's *House.*

Enter Security *and* Clogg.

Sec. Come, *Clogg*, help on with my Gown and Cap——ſo, very well; [*Shuts him out.*
What a notable Device was this? well, what with the Conceit of it, and my Wine together, methinks I am ſomewhat exhilarated, and feel as it were an Inclination to Conjugal Performance: My Bunting will be ſurpriz'd extreamly——Do'ſt hear, Lark, Linnet, Goldfinch——This is ever her way, always at her Devotion in my Abſence; I muſt diſturb her. [*Opens the Cloſet Door.*
No-body here?——*Clogg*, Rogue, Vermin.

Enter Clogg.

Clogg. What is your Worſhip's pleaſure?
Sec. Where is your Miſtreſs, Varlet?
Clogg. Abroad Sir.
Sec. Abroad without my leave? then I am certainly a Cuckold. What, go abroad in her Night Dreſs?
Clogg. In her Beſt Cloths, Sir.
Sec. How's that? How came ſhe by 'em?
Clogg. Your Friend, Sir, Maſter *Quick-ſilver* brought 'em in hither, ſtay'd till ſhe put 'em on, and then took Coach with her, I heard 'em bid the Coachman drive to the Tavern at the Bridge foot.
Sec. Monſtrum horrendum: my Goſſip was in the Right: what a Trap have I laid for my Self? why, then ſhe is not only Whor'd; but for ought I know, ſpirited away to the *Indies.*
Clogg. She cry'd, indeed, farewel for ever, *Cage.*
Sec. I'll Plow up Rocks ſteep as the *Alps* in Duſt,
And lave the *Tyrrhene* Waters into *C*louds,
But I will reach them.

Enter Bramble.

Bramb. The Matter Goſſip? what tranſports you ſo?
Sec. Undone for ever, Goſſip; 'twas my Wife; on my Religion I thought ſhe was yours. Call me Ten Coaches, and as many Conſtables, I will to this wicked Place again, and ſeize the Traytors.
Bramb. They are all upon the *Thames* e're now, and if that Lady was your Wife, ſhe's in the Boat with 'em.
Sec. I'll take Boat after 'em, and fire their Ship.

Bramb. Take Boat in this tempestuous Night? Heark, how it Rains and Thunders.

Sec. I care not for the Weather, I will Row after to *Black-Wall.*

Bramb. And pray touch in at *Cuckold's-Haven*, Gossip.

Sec. Furies and Fate——but hold, I must see first if she ha' taken any of my rich Pawns along with her. [*Exit.*

Bramb. Well for my Gossip, to intend my Wife, and get himself Cornuted! ha, ha, ha.——How now, *Wax?*

Enter Wax.

Wax. Oh! where is my Master *Bramble?* my poor Master, *Bramble?*

Bramb. What now, Sirrah? hast thou neither Eyes nor Ears?

Wax. Sir, I have no Senses left! Oh, Sir, your Wife, my Mistress!

Bramb. Why, Sirrah, did not I give you the Key to lock her up at Home, as soon as she had witness'd?

Wax. O, Sir, there was no witnessing; her *Sub-Pœna* was all Sham, instead of going to *Westminster*, she drove to *Pater-noster-Row*, where she took up Silks in your Name by whole Pieces, and so on to the Goldsmiths in *Cheap-side*, and Goldsmiths in *Lumbard-street*, where she took up Rings and Jewels, all in your Name still; from thence she went to the *Swan* at *Bridge-foot*, where Mr. *Quick-silver* met her, took her to the Water, and instead of coming back Westward by Coach, she's gone Eastward by Boat; Oh! ho! ho!

Bramb. Dar'st thou live to tell me this, Rogue? thy Name is *Wax*, Thou should'st have stuck to her.

Wax. I did, Sir, till they push'd me off with their Oars, and sows'd me in the Mudd.

Bramb. I'll Plow up Rocks steep as the *Alps* in Dust,
And lave the *Tyrrhene* Waters into Clouds;
But I will reach 'em.

Re-enter Security.

O, Whore unconscionable! what? Silks, Rings, and Jewels, to such a Quantity, along with her.

Sec. Even so, Gossip, she has taken all with her.

Bramb. Mock me not, Gossip, I mean my Wife.

Sec. My Wife, that's run away by Water.

Bramb. Mine's run away by Water too.

Sec. Your's gone too!

Bramb. Call me Ten Boats, I'll after 'em, and fire their Ship.

Sec. What in this tempestuous Night? heark, how it Rains and Thunders.

Bramb. I do defie all weathers; I'll after to *Black-Wall.*

Sec. And pray call in at *Cuckold's-Haven*, Gossip.

Bramb.

Bramb. Furies and Fate!——a Boat! a Boat! a Boat!
Sec. A Boat! a Boat! a Boat!

[*Exeunt severally.*

The End of the Second Act.

SONG.

HOw great are the Bleſſings of Government made,
By the excellent Rule of our Prince?
Who, while Trouble and Cares do his Pleaſures invade,
To his People all Joy does diſpenſe:
And while He for us is ſtill carking and thinking,
We have nothing to Mind, but our Shops and our Trade,
And then to divert us with Drinking.

From him we derive all our Pleaſure and Wealth:
Then fill me a Glaſs, nay, fill it up higher,
My Soul is a thirſt for His Majeſty's Health,
And an Ocean of Drink can't quench my Deſire:
Since all we Enjoy, to his Bounty we Owe,
'Tis fit all our Bumpers like that ſhou'd O'erflow.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cuckold's Point.

Enter a Butcher's Man with a Pair of Oxe Horns.

Butch. HAil, thou fair Haven of Marry'd Men; for my part, I presume not to arrive here, but only in Right of my Master, who sent me thus early to put up these necessary Ensigns of his Homage. [*He climbs the Tree.*
Stand fast, good Timber, or I shall be blown into the *Thames*: I think the Devils be abroad in a Storm to rob me of my Horns. The *Thames* roars like any Ocean-Sea. Mercy on all honest Passengers. So, I think I have made it look the right way, it fronts the City directly. How now, *Tom?*

Enter another loaden with Hides.

Tom. No vent'ring by Water yet: Here has been most bloody work to Night.

Butch. As how, prithee?

Tom. Why, several People Drown'd.

Butch. What did none 'scape?

Tom. Not one of them that were Drown'd, for all that I can yet hear: just by the Fisher's Hutt below yonder, there was a Boat over-turn'd, three Men Passengers and a Gentlewoman. You may see 'em all shifted into the Old Fisherman's Wardrobe; but the Woman wisely went to Bed.

Butch. Heark! what Cry is that?

Tom. A poor old Man in Gown and Night-cap, just crawl'd out of the River.

Enter Security.

Sec. Misfortune upon Misfortune, I have a hundred Drums in my Head; and half the *Thames* in my Belly——Let me see, where am I cast ashoar, that I may go home a righter way by Land? where is there any Sea-Mark, that I am acquainted withal?

Butch. Look up, Father, are you acquainted with this Ensign?

Sec. What am I Landed at *Cuckold's Point?* I cannot bear it: I will run back and drown my self.

Tom.

Tom. Let it be in some warmer Liquor, Father: Come, we'll lead you to the next House.

Sec. I will enter into no House, and look no Mortal in the Face; they are all Cuckold-makers.

Butch. How his Wits are benum'd with Wet and Cold, throw a Hide over him, *Tom*, and help lead him along. [*Exeunt leading him.*

Enter Sir Petronell, Quick-silver, *and* Sea-gull, *in Fisherman's Cloths and Nets wrapt about them.*

Pet. A very fair Voyage we have made on't, my Masters; if our Throats had not been too full of Claret to take in one drop of Water, we had lodg'd with the Flounders till our Galls had burst: well, 'tis but imagining we are arriv'd at some Outlandish Place, and these the Habits of the Countrey.

Capt. Sea. I tell ye, Sirs, for all this we are gotten to the Coast of *Normandy*, I know it by the Elevation of the Pole, and the Altitude of the Climate; this is nothing with us Sailors: I have been Drown'd forty times in my Life, before now.

Quick. One dry Hanging had done us better Service, Captain: How much Weight of Gold can you get for red Copper in this Countrey, Captain?

Pet. Why, we have just as much Copper as Gold left, *Frank*; the unmerciful *Thames* has swallow'd All. Our Boat turn'd oft'ner than a Juggler's bag, and rowl'd like any Porpice. Now if my Lady Wife has had as good a Land Passage on't, as we have had by Water.

Enter Bayliffs.

1 *Bay.* These must be the Persons; Seize 'em: You have been sows'd in the *Thames*, Gentlemen, and a particular Friend of yours has sent us to take you out of the Cold Air.

Pet. A Pox of your Charity; what damn'd luck had we that could not Drown.

Quick. At whose Arrest, Scoundrels?

2 *Bay.* Only Alderman *Touchstone* desires to take his leave of you before you Sail to the *Indies*; will you march along, Gentlemen.

Quick. This must be the Coast of *Normandy*, Captain; you know it by the Elevation of the Pole.

Enter more Officers, with Security *in the Oxe Hide.*

1 *Bay.* See, yonder comes our Mates with old *Mammon*.

Pet. Why, there's some Comfort yet.

2 *Bay.* Come, Brothers, let us home with the whole Covey together.

Sec.

See. Rogues, Turks, Tartars, I will not drive one ſtep further. This is *Cuckold's-Haven*, and I will die on my own Territories.

1 *Bay.* Away with them. [*Exeunt leading them off.*

SCENE II. Touchſtone's *Houſe.*

Enter Touchſtone.

Touch. Ha! ha! Thinks my Knight Adventurer that we ken no Point of our Compaſs? Have we never heard of the *Speranza*, the *Cavillaria*, nor the *Calinoria?* well, my Errant *Flaſh*, and Runnegate *Quick-ſilver*, you may hurl a dozen Caps to your bon Voyage; but if you reach any Point but Cuckolds, with this Tide, I'll give you leave to make a *Graveſend-Toaſt* of me. I have ſent your Pinnace a *Remora*, and that from this Sconce of mine, without Powder or Shot——Work upon that now. Here's Land Intelligence too, from my Lady Daughter, and her Ladiſhip's Luck is as good as the Reſt; She'll come to her Caſtle, and they to the *Indies*, much about a time.

Enter Mrs. Touchſtone.

Mrs. T. What, no News yet from her Ladiſhip? but we muſt allow Perſons of Quality their own time for things.

Touch. Yes, here is a ſmall Pacquet from her Ladiſhip; ſhe has been ſeeking her Caſtle in the Air; in what Region I know not.

Mrs. T. I hope your Mechanick Worſhip will have the Manners to ſtay her Ladiſhip's leiſure; no matter for her Caſtle, what Account does her Ladiſhip ſend of that fair Tenement of her Body?

Touch. Why, the fair Tenement of her Body, and her Maids Body were benighted on the Common with their Coach, rob'd, ſtript and fairly thrown into a Ditch, like two Snails in a Shell, with the Coachman a top on 'em.

Mrs. T. O, Profane Accident, her Ladiſhip tumbled into a Ditch!

Touch. From whence ſhe is return'd to Town by Waggon, and at preſent ſojourning in a blind Tap-houſe in *Pudding-Lane*.

Mrs. T. And is this all your concern for the Matter? how if her Ladiſhip ſhou'd Miſcarry upon it?

Touch. It were not the firſt time, ſure; ſhe has the Bleſſing to take after her Mother; Thou haſt been my Croſs theſe Thirty years, and now I will keep thee to fright away Spirits.

Mrs. T. O, Inſenſible Monſter! give me the Directions, I will fly upon the Wings of Motherly Affection, and wait upon her Ladiſhip incontinently. [*Exit.*

Touch.

Touch. I wonder I hear nothing from my Son *Golding* yet; he was sent for betimes this Morning to the *Guild-hall*, and I am astonish'd at the Matter: If I had not laid up some comfort in him, I should e'en grow desperate——He comes in my Thoughts——How now, Son? what News at the Court of Aldermen?

Enter Golding.

Gold. In troth, Sir, an Accident somewhat strange, else it has nothing worth reporting.

Touch. It is not borrowing of Money, then?

Gold. No, Sir: It has pleas'd the Commoners of the City to make me One of our Ward, to Elect me one of their Common-Council-men.

Touch. How!

Gold. And the Alderman of our Ward to appoint me his Deputy; in which Office I had an Oath ministred unto me accordingly.

Touch. Let me Kiss thy new Worship, my dear Son!——what a Fortune was it, or rather Judgment, for me to see that merit in him, which the whole City conspires to Second? taken into the Livery of his Company the first Week of his Freedom! chosen Common-Council-man, and made an Alderman's Deputy all in a Day! the Wonder of our Times! Well, I will Honour Mr. Alderman for this, and think the better of the Common-Councils Wisdom while I live, for thus meeting, or rather coming after me in the Opinion of his Desert: Forward, my sufficient Son; and as this was the first, so think it the least step of thy Promotion.

Gold. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this; so I seek no higher.

Touch. Excellently spoken again! this Modest Answer of thine blushes, as if it said, Thou shalt wear Scarlet shortly; I must tell thee, I hope to see thee the other Monument of our City, reckon'd among our Worthies, and remembred on the same Day with *Gresham* and my Lady *Ramsey*: when *Whittington* and his Puss shall be forgotten, and thy own Deeds play'd in thy own Time, by the best Company of *Moor-Fields*.

Gold. You are too Prodigal of your Praise, Sir.

Touch. Well, I have a little News for thee too: Our lewd Crew are all in the Officers Clutches e're now; and thou shalt exercise Authority by way of Justice on 'em.

Gold. Your Pleasure, Sir, shall guide me.

Touch. See, the Officers are at the Door without; How miraculously it falls out that thou should'st have the Place of a Justicer upon 'em: I am glad of the Injury they have done me, that thou may'st punish it: Disgrace 'em all thou can'st, be severe upon them, like a new Officer of the first Quarter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Petronell, Quick-ſilver, Seagull, *brought.*

Pet. How implacably this Devil of ill Fortune purſues us?

Touch. Take your Chair, Mr. Juſticer; I ſay, appear terrible to 'em; let 'em know the Melancholy of a Magiſtrate, and taſte the Fury of a Citizen in Office.

Gold. Sir, I can do nothing with them, unleſs your Worſhip charge them with ſomewhat.

Touch. Fear not that, I will charge 'em and re-charge 'em rather than Authority ſhall want Matter to work upon 'em.

Gold. Will your Worſhip pleaſe to Sit?

Touch. By no means, Son, it is your Office.

Quick. Muſt *Golding* Sit upon us?

Fang. Plain *Golding*, to Mr. Deputy's Worſhip?

Gold. VVhat Perſons have ye there, Mr. Officer?

Fang. The ſame, an' pleaſe your VVorſhip, that were ſpecify'd in our VVarrant. This, Sir, is the Counterfeit Knight; This, his lewd Companion.——

Gold. What? a Knight and his Companion thus accoutred? where are their Hats and Feathers, their Cloaks and Perriwiggs?

Fang. Truly, Sir, they had caſt their Feathers before we ſeiz'd 'em. Here's all the furniture we found amongſt 'em.

Gold. Their Names, I ſay?

Touch. O this is moſt excellent: he ſhould not take knowledge of 'em in his Place, indeed.

Fang. Why, this, Sir, is Sir *Petronell Flaſh.*

Gold. How!

Fang. And this, Maſter *Quick-ſilver.*

Touch. Is it poſſible? I thought they had been gone to *Virginia* e're now with this Noble Captain. You have made a quick return it ſeems, and doubtleſs a good Voyage——nay, Pray Sirs, be cover'd; how did your Bisket hold out, I beſeech you?——Sure I have ſeen this Outlandiſh Gentleman before. Good Maſter *Quick-ſilver*, how one degree to the Southward has alter'd you.

Gold. Do you know theſe Perſons, Mr. Alderman?——forbear your offers a little, you ſhall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, Mr. Deputy, I had a ſmall Venture aboard with them: Officers, you may let 'em ſtand; I'll paſs my word they will not run away: A Brace of honeſt Gentlemen. One of 'em was my 'Prentice, that kept his Whore and Hunting-Nagg; would Play you his Hundred Guinneys off at Baſſet moſt familiarly; and all on my Purſe. In fine, there was no remedy but we muſt part; for I ſhall be very conciſe, Mr. Deputy. Since which time (for, as I ſaid, I intend to be very conciſe with your Worſhip) ſince when, I ſay, he has gather'd up ſome ſmall Parcels of mine amongſt my Cuſtomers, to the value of ſeven Hundred

dred Pound more towards furnishing this Indian Voyage, wherein this Knight was Chief, Sir *Flash* here, one that Marry'd a Daughter of mine, Ladify'd her, turn'd Two thousand Pound of good Land of hers into Cash, sent her a Progress to his invisible Castle, while he prepar'd for Sea, with a certain Usurers Wife, an' please you, Master Deputy. Now to pronounce your honourable Pleasure.

Gold. If my Worshipful Father have ended.

Touch. I have an' please you, Master Deputy.

Gold. Why then under Correction.

Touch. Hold a little, Son, ——Now come over 'em with some fine Gird, as thus,——Knight, you shall be encountred; that is to say, had to the Compter; and *Quick-silver*, I will put you into a Crucible, or so,—— ha! ha! he!

Gold. Then as the honourable Laws direct in these Cases.

Touch. Hold yet a little, Mr. Deputy, that your Worship may not be over-burden'd, I will officiate a little. [*He takes the Chair.* Sir *Petronell Flash*, I am sorry to see such flashes as these come from you: for my own part d'ye see (because I will be concise with you) I cou'd wish I cou'd say, I cou'd say, I cou'd wish, that I cou'd say, I cou'd not see 'em; but such is the misery of Magistrates, and Men in Place, that we must not wink at Offenders: *fiat Justicia, ruat Cœlum.*

Quick. And then your Worship may catch Larks.

Touch. Without your Worship's Net, Sir,——that I think was Wormwood, I love Bobbing in a Magistrate extreamly.

Gold. Will your Worship proceed?

Touch. Master *Francis Quick-silver*, would thou had'st turn'd Quack-salver: Thou art a proper young Man; of an honest and clean Face, somewhat near a good one; but thou hast been too proud of it. Thou hast Prodigally consum'd thy Master's Wealth on light Housewifes: And being by him gently admonisht at several times, thou hast return'd thy self haughty, rebellious in thine Answers, thundering out uncivil Comparisons, requiting all his Kindness with Coarse behaviour: I must tell thee, *Francis*, these are most manifest signs of an obstinate ill Nature——so much for Authority, now by way of Evidence.

[*He places* Golding *again in the Chair.*

Gold. Your Worship has acquitted your self most judiciously.

Touch. Your Worship do's me too much Honour——

Quick. This Mockery is the worst of Tortures.

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent Varlet! with what Forehead can'st thou speak, having run such a Course of Riot? does not this Worshipful Person's Temper and Fortune confound Thee? Thy younger Fellow in Service yet, now come to have the Place of a Judge upon thee? Which of all thy Gallants and Gamsters, thy Swearers and Swaggerers, will once condole thee till thou com'st up *Holborn* in Triumph? for by the Clew of thy Knavery, and thy Chain of Concupiscence, thou hast most certainly brought thy self to the Cart of Calamity.

Quick. Worſhipful Maſter.

Touch. Offer not to ſpeak, Crocodile; I will not hear a ſound from thee: Thou haſt learn'd to cry at the Play-houſe: Will it pleaſe you, Maſter Deputy, to commit 'em all three to ſafe Cuſtody?

Pet. Will you not take Security, Sir?

Touch. Take *Security*? why, I have him already; Mr. *Fang*, carry my Uſurer and Tarpoulin here, both to the Compter, without Examination: I will lodge my Land-ſhark and VVater-ſhark in ſowce together.

Gold. VVhat remains then, but to diſpoſe of theſe there too, till Mr. Alderman ſhall be pleas'd to charge them farther: Take 'em away.

Quick. This is flat Tyranny.

Pet. No more Reſpect to Quality?

Touch. Nay, nay; on, on, on: You ſee here the Iſſue of Sloth; of Sloth comes Pleaſure, of Pleaſure comes Riot, of Riot comes VVhoring, of VVhoring comes ſpending your Money, whereof comes Theft, whereof comes Judgment, whereof comes Hanging, and ſo my *Quick-ſilver* is fixt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chamber in an Ale-houſe.*

Girtred *and* Syndefie *in fantaſtical Old Cloths.*

Gir. Ah, *Syn*, did'ſt thou ever read in the Chronicle, of any Lady and her Gentlewoman driven to that Extremity that we are, *Syn?*

Syn. Not I truly, Madam; or, if I had, it were but cold Comfort that would come out of Books.

Gir. VVhy? good faith now, I could Dine upon a lamentable old Story; do'ſt thou know never a one, *Syn?*

Syn. None but my own, Madam, to be ſtol'n from my honeſt Friends by a Prentice in the habit of a *Gentleman*; upon Promiſe of Marriage brought to *London* here, and now likely to be forſaken; for he is in Election to be Hang'd, an' pleaſe your Ladiſhip.

Gir. Nay, weep not, good *Syn*, for my *Pett* is in as fair Election to be Hang'd as He: Thy miſeries are nothing to mine; I was more Promis'd Marriage, *Syn*; I was Marry'd, and had it, *Syn*; made a Lady by a Knight, who is now as good as no Knight, *Syn*; and inſtead of Land in the Countrey, all his Living lies in the *Compter*; there is his *Caſtle* now, *Syn.*

Syn. From which he cannot be forc'd out.

Gir. Hunger, they ſay, will break Stone VValls: But he is e'en well enough ſerv'd, who; as ſoon as he had got my Hand to the Sale of the Inheritance ran away from my Ladiſhip, as if I had been his Punk, *God* bleſs us. VVould the Knight of the *Sun*, or *Palmerin* of *England* have uſed their Ladies ſo, *Syn?* or Sir *Lancelot?* or Sir *Triſtram?*

Syn.

Syn. I know not, Madam.

Gir. Then thou know'it nothing, *Syn*: The Knights now a-days are nothing to the Knights formerly. They rid on Horſe-back, ours go on Foot; they went buckled in their Armour, ours muffled in their Cloaks; they travelled VVilderneſſes, ours dare ſcarcely walk the Streets; they were ſtill engaging their Honour, ours are ready to Pawn their Cloths: they would ſpur up at ſight of a Monſter, ours run away from a Serjeant; they would help poor Ladies, ours make poor Ladies.

Syn. It is moſt true, Madam.

Gir. But let 'em vaniſh, *Syn*; yet the Thieves were moſt unconſcionable to take not only our Money, but our Cloths too.

Syn. A timely Conſideration, Madam; for our Landlady, prophane Woman, as ſhe is, has ſworn by Bread and Salt not to truſt us another Meal.

Gir. Let it ſtink in her hands then? ſhe does not know the Honour ſhe enjoys in having a Lady under her Roof——but thy beſt apparel is gone too, poor *Syn.*

Syn. I grieve for your Ladiſhip's ſake, Madam.

Gir. Alack! that there are no Fairies now a-days, to do Miracles, and bring Poor Ladies Money: I'll ſweep the Hearth at Night; or, why may not we too riſe early in the Morning, and find a Jewel in the Streets worth a-Hundred Pound, *Syn?* may not ſome Court Lady as ſhe comes at Midnight from a Hot-water Shop, look out of her Coach, and loſe ſuch a Jewel, *Syn?*

Syn. Theſe are pretty Dreams, Madam.

Gir. Well, I proteſt, *Syn*, if I had as much Money as an Alderman, I would ſcatter ſome of it in the Streets for poor Ladies to find.

Enter Mrs. Touchſtone.

Syn. See, Madam, your Mother is coming up Stairs to us.

Gir. What, without ſending firſt up to our Ladiſhip? upon my Honour 'tis Unſufferable.

Mrs. T. Where is this unfortunate Emblem of Quality? where is your Ladiſhip?——O the Father! what a Tranſmigration is here? I will have my Eyes put out incontinently, that I may not ſee this abſurd Spectacle. What, will not your Ladiſhip vouchſafe to know me in this Overture of Fortune?

Gir. Not if you preſume upon my bad Luck, Mrs. *Touchſtone*; you were beſt lay the blame upon me now: it was you that ſhou'd have lok'd to't; I did but my Kind, to deſire to be Marry'd, it was my Kind, as a Citizen's Daughter, and to be made a Lady, my Kind ſtill: He was a Knight, and I was fit to be a Lady; 'tis not lack of liking, but lack of living that ſevers us.

Syn. O good Madam, do not take up your Mother ſo.

Mrs.

Mrs. T. Nay, nay, let her alone; let her Ladiſhip grieve me ſtill with her bitter Taunts: I have not dole enough to ſee her in this miſerable Caſe, without her Silks, Point, Jewel, Fontanges of ſeven Stories: without a a little Dog, a Page, or Gentleman-Uſher, or any thing that is fit for a Lady.

Syn. Except her Tongue.

Mrs. T. And I not able to relieve her neither, being kept down ſo as I am by my Husband: Alas! when he was young, I could have come at any think that he had; but now I can come at nothing.

Gir. Marry, out on him, for a fouſty *Mechanick*; by this light, I think he is not my legitimate Father. I hope, Mrs *Touchſtone*, you have not debas'd my Quality ſo much as to ask relief from him——yet when I ſee——yet when I view this habit in the Glaſs, it makes the noble Tears guſh out—— [*She Cries.*

Mrs. T. Nay, ſigh not ſo, ſweet Lady-Bird, dear Madam, Child weep not! I ſhall die, if you cry and marr your Complexion thus. My Old *Touchſtone* may be a Flint for his obdurateneſs; but I will try my outmoſt Power to mollifie him.

Gir. Give him ſeaſonable Advice, *Mrs. Touchſtone*; if he humbles himſelf, in time I may be reconcil'd to him, and accept of a ſupply from him.

Mrs. T. Your Ladiſhip was always good natur'd, I muſt needs ſay; he is preſently going to the Compter, where your Knight and *Mr. Francis* are in Durance together: I hear he intends to inſult over 'em with his Gold End Son in Law; but by a Letter that I intercepted, I have found an Intrigue of his, to mortifie him with All: *Nolens volens* he ſhall Dreſs you, Coach you, and ſet you up again, Lady-Child.

Gir. Ay, will he ſet my Knight up too? So my Knight were up, it were no matter though I were down.

Mrs. T. But your Ladiſhip muſt follow me to the Compter, then your joint Preſences will ſtrike an Awe into him: I will haſten before, and ſend your Ladiſhip a Coach; your Ladiſhips moſt humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Gir. Come *Syn*, we'll take the Diſconſolate Lady of the next Room along with us; I long to hear the Story out of her Water Adventure, and get out of her, who were the Parties concern'd: Her Fiſher-womans Straw-Bed, and our Ditch, were Lodgings much alike. Come along, *Syn.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Compter Priſon.*

Enter Sir Petronell *and* Quick-ſilver, *dragging in* Security *by the Horns,* Wolf *Maſter of the Priſon.*

Quick. Come, Dad, away with theſe Penitentials: Old *Touchſtone* has us all in the Wind, and reſolves to make *Holborn* Martyrs of us.

Sec. Ah *Franck*, 'twas ungraciouſly done of thee, to ſeduce my Natural Wife, and of you, Sir Knight, to abuſe your particular Friend!

Pet. That Hunger'd and Thirſted to do me good; your own free Gift, Dad, and you had good Land for it.

Sec. An' my Goſſip *Bramble*, had not known of it, I could have had *Mortal* Patience.

Wolf. Gentlemen, you had beſt reſolve on ſome method for your ſafety. I can aſſure you *Mr. Touchſtone* will make a Seſſions Buſineſs of it; and is coming hither in perſon to tell you ſo.

Quick. You are under the ſame Condemnation, Dad, unleſs you bribe Mr. *Wolf* here, and make one in our Plot; you muſt make one at *Tyburn*, for I ſhall peach, Dad.

Sec. By no means *Franck*: I'll do any thing: What Plot?

Quick. Maſter *Touchſtone* has always had great belief in Witchcraft, and is ſo terrified about it, that he dares never be in the dark: I will counterfeit being Bewitch'd, and you ſhall lay it to his Charge: He'll do any thing to get quit of us.

Sec. Very well; *France* my Province: I can enact any manner of thing, I was us'd to do it for my Wife's diverſion,——it was ungratefully done of you, Sir Knight,——Why, 'tis but rouling my Eyes and foaming at Mouth, (a little Caſtle-Soap rub'd upon my Lips will do it) and then a Nut-ſhell with Tow and Touch-wood in it, makes me ſpit Fire like any Dragon. I Hunger and Thirſt to be about it. [*Noiſe here.*

Wolf. Hark, he is at the Gates already; retire, and prepare for the Operation.

Quick. But firſt, Mr. *Wolf*, give him theſe Letters and try how far they will work. [*Exeunt all but* Wolf.

Enter

Enter Touchſtone, Golding, *and* Bramble.

Touch. You ſay, Mr. *Bramble*, the Deed of Sale was of your drawing up, and that you can find Flaws in it.

Bramb. I warrant you, Sir: Now ſhall I be reveng'd on my Goſſip for his kind Intentions towards me.

Touch. How now, Mr. *Wolf*, will you produce your Rats before us?

Wolf. Will your Worſhip be pleas'd to peruſe theſe Letters of Submiſſion from them?

Touch. Sir, I do look for no Submiſſion; I will bear my ſelf in this Affair like blind Juſtice: Work upon that now.——Moreover, I do much wonder, Mr. *Wolf*, that you ſhould travel in this buſineſs ſo contrary to your kind: That you, who are Maſter of a Priſon, ſhould endeavour the Releaſe of your Priſoners.

Wolf. O Sir, I was never ſo mortify'd with any Mens Diſcourſe or Behaviour in Priſon: Yet I have had men of all Nations and Religions.

Gold. And which Religion lik'd you beſt?

Wolf. Troth, Mr. Deputy, they that paid their Fees beſt.

Gold. And theſe are Letters of Humility?

Bramb. Accept of no Humility, Mr. Alderman, you are a happy Man, and I'll be bound to recover Thouſands for you from my Goſſip; but then you muſt be Obſtinate.

Touch. I warrant you, Mr. *Bramble*: I am Deaf, and will not hear, have ſtop'd my Ears with Shooe-makers Wax, drunk *Lethe* and *Mandragora*.

Wolf. Sir, you cannot imagine what a Change is wrought in them; the Knight will be in the Knight's Ward, do what we can: and *Quick-ſilver* will be in the Hole, if we wou'd let him. I never ſaw Priſoners ſo penitent and devout: They ſate up all Night ſinging the Sinners Complaint, and Edifying the whole Priſon. Only *Security* goes a Note too high ſometimes, becauſe he lies in the Two-penny Ward, a great way off, and cannot take his Tune. The Neighbours are not able to reſt for 'em, but come to ask what Godly Priſoners we have got there.

Touch. Which of 'em is ſo devout?

Wolf. Both Sir, Mr. *Quick-ſilver* eſpecially: He has cut his Hair, reads the Young Man's Advice, and has gotten the Sick Man's Salve without Book.

Touch. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould have no Grace, I am ſure he was brought up where it grew.

Wolf. He has Converted one *Snapp* a Bayliff too; a Fellow that could neither Write nor Read: He was call'd the Bandog of the Compter.

Touch. Mr. *Bramble*, I have one Scruple of Conſcience; Shall I not loſe all if I Proſecute and Hang 'em?

Bramb.

Bramb. I tell you, Sir, as to my Gossip *Security*'s Case; though he should be Condemn'd to be Carted for a Bawd, or so; yet I will lay an Execution upon him of two Thousand pound, let him acknowledge a Judgement, he shall do it in half an hour; you shall not fetch him out till you have paid the Execution: This, if I think fit, I can do, Sir, unless you otherwise engage me.

Touch. You shall have double Fees, *Mr. Bramble*: *Mr. Wolf*, set them all *Coram.*

Enter Petronell, *and* Quick-silver: *They kneel.*

Pet. Father!

Touch. Away Syrens. I will immure my self against your Cries.

Sec. Who would have thought your Worship were a Conjurer?

Touch. What mean the Varlets: I tremble at the Name.

Wolf. It will appear so, Sir. *Mr. Quick-silver* Vomits Nails, and crooked *Pins*, and in his Fits repeats your Name incessantly.

Enter Mrs. Touchstone. *A Letter.*

Mrs. T. Good *Mr.* Alderman, be not so stiff: I have seen such a Spectacle of Sorrow yonder.

Touch. Mr. Bramble, *Golding*; do I look like a Witch, an Alderman a Witch! I abominated the Black Art from my Cradle.

[*Petronell and* Quick-silver *whisper aside with Mrs.* Touchstone.

Mrs. T. Nay, for my part, I have long suspected him for Necromancy.

Bramb. Better and better, *Master* Alderman, here is matter of Scandal for you to proceed against them withal in the *Doctors-Commons*: This will bear vast Damages.

Wolf. Let both your Eyes and Ears be Witnesses.

Security *brought in, and set upon a Chair.*

Mrs. T. O the Father! How he stares! This is plain Witchcraft; and see, he is falling into a Fit as soon as he comes into his Presence.

Pet. You will perceive more anon.

Sec. My Wife is a Whore, I'll touch her no more: For why? She rides on a Switch with *Touchstone* the Witch.————Where is he?

Touch. How the Profane Fiend, within, calls upon my Name; but, I say ſtill, I will ſtop my Ears with *Mandragora*.

Mrs. T. Did you hear that, Gentlemen? That very Word's enough to raiſe a Spirit.

Pet. See how he foams!

Mrs. T. And ſwells:

Wolf. Theſe Proofs are undeniable.

Bramb. Be not concern'd, Sir, we'll prove it Forgery, and recover upon it.

Gold. Moſt palpable! A meer Conſpiracy.

Touch. Nay, Gentlemen, the Perſon is Bewitch'd, that is moſt certain; but by no skill of mine, as I hope to be Lord Mayor.

Sec. Buz, Buz, Buz.

Wolf. I pray obſerve him.

Quick. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Sec. She comes with a Needle, and puts it in,
He pulls it out, and puts in a Pin.——Oh! oh!

Mrs. T. O Barbarous Wretch! How the poor Creature's Tortured? Come, hold a Candle to the Wizard's Fingers ends, and that will give him eaſe.

Touch. I will clear my Conſcience before a Magiſtrate.

Quick. You do not tumble enough.

Wolf. Alas, how he is vexed!

Mrs. T. 'Tis paſt all Contradiction.

Touch. What does he now?

Sec. He ſhews the taking of Tabaco, with which the Fiend is ſo delighted.

Pet. Now he fancies himſelf Caſt away, and Swimming for his Life.

Mrs. T. How the Devil can Act!

Touch. O Terrible! What Swelling is that upon his Belly?

Mrs. T. Any Riſing upon his Belly? Keep it down, keep it down.

Bramb. 'Tis meer Confederacy, you ſhall recover from Mr. *Wolf* too abundantly.

Gold. Meer Jugling.

Touch. I tell you, Sirs, I am aſtoniſh'd; There muſt be a Witch amongſt us.

Sec. Oi Moi Kakodemon, Kai Tris Kakodemon, Kai Pentakis, Kai Muriakis.

Touch. Now he Curſes me in *Greek*: Mr. *Bramble*, I would I were fairly off this Buſineſs.

Mrs. T. What Paper is that flown out of his Throat. [*Reads.*

To Alderman Touchſtone, *from* Shoreditch.
This is the Third time I am with Child by you; yet to be forgetful to ſupply your Diſconſolate Servant,

Dorothy Jerk.

Touch. This muſt be the Devil, I ſhall be undone.

Mrs. T. How, Mr. Alderman, Witch and Whore-maſter too?

Gold. Now, Sir, the Cheat appears moſt plainly; I'll take it on my Oath, I ſaw your Wife give him that Paper.

Touch. And you ſaw it too, Mr. *Bramble.*

Bramb. Not diſtinctly, Sir.

Touch. But you can ſwear it.

Bramb. For half Coſts. 'Tis moſt apparent, I will ſwear to it.

Quick. Your Goſſip will ſee you double, to come over to us.

Bramb. Enough. Theſe Proofs are pregnant,——Mr. Alderman, you are the Witch,——You ratify?

Sec. Mum.

Bramb. I will manage the poor Lunatick's Cauſe, though I do it *gratis*. We will make your Worſhip an Example.

Touch. Oh Hypocrite! Doſt thou forſake me too?

Gold. My Life for yours, Sir, ſtand to't.

Touch. And ſo I will; I am convinc'd now, 'tis all Roguery: *Davie*, go call Mr. Juſtice *Snappal* hither preſently. My Indignation is kindled, and I will proſecute them to the Death.

Quick. This will not do; I will try the Experiment more. [*Exit.*

Touch. But how if a Jury ſhould give this Buſineſs againſt, and get Condemn'd for a Wizard? I would this Concern were well off, and all Friends again.

Quick-ſilver *re-enters with the Hinde upon him.* *Mrs.* Touchſtone *ſhrieks out. Security riſes frighted,* Quick-ſilver *and he run over one another.*

Sec. Miſchief on your Cowards Heart; all's ſpoil'd.

Quick. Why gave you me no Warning?

Gold. Now, Sir, I hope you are satisfy'd, you see the Implements, here is his Mouse, and here his Bellows and false Belly; ha! ha! ha! We thank you, Gentlemen.

Bramb. I told you, Sir, 'twas all a Cheat; we will recover swingingly from 'em.

Touch. I defie you, Mr. *Bramble.* I am o'er-joy'd to find my Honour safe: Well, it was a witty Practice, and I forgive them all.

Mrs. T. Why, that's well said, they were resolv'd to make you Merry.

Enter Girfred, Mildred, Wynnifred, Syndefie, *and Mrs.* Bramble.

Come, Sir, your Pity must descend here too; you see they have all done Penance: Come, Lady-child, you must ask your Father Blessing.

Gir. Not unless he desires it, Mrs. *Touchstone.*

Touch. She has Spirit for an Empress: Tell her, Wife, I desire her, to desire my Pardon.——Come, Son *Golding*, I must desire you too, to intercede to me, on the Offenders Behalf.

Mild. I'll undertake for that, Sir.

Gir. O my mad Run-away, to forsake me in the first Month! But it was like a Man of the Times.

Sec. Ah *Wymny!* Bunting, Gold-finch, to break from your Cage, and leave your Constant *Cue.*

Touch. Then, as I take it, here is my Lawyer that has been busie on all sides, is fairly bauk'd on all sides; and my Usurer-Bawd prov'd a Cuckold.

Sec. Even my Learned Gossip, here, is in the same Premunire.

Pet. We therefore beg of your Worship, and Mr. Deputy here, to see these two Ladies peaceably re-settled with their Owners.

Sec. How will you advise in this point, my Learn'd Council?

Bramb. We have a Precedent for't in the wise *Cato.*

Wyn. But on Condition of Christian Liberty; and that we be lockt up no more.

Mrs. T. All Reason in the World for it; and besides, Gentlemen, it is your Interest; for as you came to be Cuckolds by locking your Wives up: for ought I know, you may be Uncuckolded by giving them their freedom.

Touch. That's very well said too.——Come, Sirs, we must all Sup together, and be Friends: Run afore *Davie*, and buy up the whole Market.

Market.——Mr. *Wolf*, you must be our Guest too: We'll summon the City Musick to us, with a Consort of the whole Neighbourhood.

To joyn their Voices in the highest Pitch,
And sing loud Thanks----That I am found No Witch.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WE have ſhewn an Alderman no Conjurer. (were?
'Nouns, crys Pit-Bully, Who e'er thought there
Have Patience, Sirs, next bout we'll ſhew, if luck hold,
What's ſtrange indeed,-----an Alderman no Cuckold:
A Privilege for ſerious Play too great,
But Farce has Privilege, Farce, our laſt Retreat:
For as kept Miſſes, when their Keepers tire,
With ſome new ſlight, revive the pall'd deſire;
So Poets bauking th' old Roads of the Stage,
Bring Farce to tickle up th' Enervate Age:
Poets, and Whores, you equally ſhou'd dread;
A-like infection, where their Venom's ſpread.
What's Poetry, but a worſt Clap i'th' Head?
Yet Clapt Gallant ſometimes gets Sound agen,
No Cure for Gonorrhœa of the Pen.
The Parallel holds further, as I gueſs,
There's Whores for Need, and Whores for Wantonneſs;
So there's Sale Poetry, Poetry of Lord,
Worth juſt as much, as his ſweet Lordſhips Word.
One Word more from the Authour, I muſt ſay,
He once hit Farce, whate'er he has done to day.

He

EPILOGUE.

He then had Strength, you ſhould have charg'd him then;
But Criticks are a ſort of Country-men,
Their Valour of the true Militia-*Strein;*
Who from the fighting Foe, like Lightning *fled,*
But come like Thunder *back, to Maul the* Dead.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

He then had Strength, you should have charged him then;
But Critick's are a sort of Country-men,
Their Valour of the true Nili in-Strein;
Who from the sighting Foe, like Lightning sled,
But come like Thunder back, to Maul the Dead.

FINIS.